No. 1844

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Memorandum of Sperm Oil Stowed on Board Bark "Sunbeam" Capt. J. H. Fisher.

1868					1870			
"	Nov.	16th "	2080	Galls.	"	Brot. Forward	34686	Galls.
"	Dec.	8th "	1697	Do.	"	Oct.	6th "	2222	Do.
1869	Febf.	23rd "	446	Do.	"	Dec.	10th "	692	Do.
"	Apr.	8th "	614	Do.	1871	Janf	7th "	297	Do.
"	May	18th "	671	Do.	"	Febf.	25th "	413	Do.
"	June	12th "	756	Do.	"	March	7th "	1158	Do.
"	July	1st "	4757	Do.	"	"	25th "	1500	Do.
"	"	19th "	2586	Do.	"	April	25th "	1872	Do.
"	Aug.	17th "	901	Do.	"	May	11th "	2392	Do.
"	Octo.	30th "	1439	Do.					
"	Nov.	9th "	1193	Do.					
1870	Janf	17th "	2447	Do.					
"	"	21st "	2503	Do.					
"	Febf	7th "	3710	Do.					
"	"	28th "	1052	Do.					
"	March	17th "	666	Do.					
"	"	28th "	3399	Do.					
"	June	23rd "	2133	Do.					
"	July	15th "	952	Do.					
"	"	29th "	690	Do.					
	Total		34686	Galls.					

The Voyage of the "Sunbeam."

comprising

an account of the incidents, accidents, &c.

occurring on board of an

American Whaler,

In the Atlantic, Indian, & Pacific,

Oceans.

The Straits of Macasser, & Molucca Passage.

And the China, Soolo & Banda

Seas,

During the years 1868. 1869. 1870 & 1871.

As recorded in the Journal of the

Steward

Mr. Murphy McGuire.

Bark Sunbeam, At Sea.
Thursday * May 18. 1868.

Why is this thus! Now this may seem rather an irrelevant question, but as I commence my jottings of a second whaling voyage, after having found time to partially realize that I am once again on a spouting expedition to serve for "three years unless sooner discharged," it strikes me as being a very appropriate interrogation and therefore I ask some more; why is this thus? Or in other words; after having had thirteen months experience in the business, what in the name of the prophet possessed me to go again? Being unable to give any very satisfactory and may add creditable answer, I leave the question unanswered, perfectly well convinced that I am here, and also very well satisfied that I am liable to stay here a considerable length of period. To place some of my leisure moments in a position where they may not be entirely lost I propose to write a scattering sort of a journal jotting down from time to time events & occurrences as they may present themselves during the voyage.
Two weeks ago to day (May the 4th *) the Bark Sunbeam, under the Command of Capt Thos. K. Fisher sailed from the city of New Bedford: for a three years voyage in the Indian Ocean and Pacific Sea. The weather during the past two weeks has not been of the most pleasant or salubrious character, strong winds prevailing most of the time & the sea running very rugged much to the discomfort & disquietude of the green hands who have cast up more accounts during the past few days than ever before in their whole lives. I suppose that sea sickness is over every other form of illness known. In no other disease does a person attain to that height of don't-care-at-all-i-tiveness as in sea sickness. Never having had time to become practically conversant with the different sensations produced by this malady. I speak only from observation, and I certainly think if there ever was a time when a man had the appearance of having lost his best friend; it must have been when suffering from sea sickness. But the men are beginning to get their sea legs and most of them are able to eat their three meals a day including their whack of duff. ~~I~~ propose to duff. The fourth officer propounded a problem in Navigation as he passed through the cabin while the "petty officers" were at dinner. "If the boatsteerers and cabin boy can eat a whole duff, what is the course and distance from here to Fayal?" Up to the present time every thing has passed off as pleasantly as could be wished for. Many of the opinions that the voyage will be as pleasant as we hope to make it a profitable one. Latitude 39 - 50 N. Longitude 44. 06 W. Wednesday May * 17 1868
Spoke Bark Ansel Gibbs with 7 Bbls Black Fish on, two weeks out.

* A slight discrepancy of a month only: for May read June.

Bark Sunbeam At Sea
Lat. 35.43 N. Lon 43.24 W.
Saturday July 4. 1868.

Two weeks and more since I have done any journalizing and dont know that I should put pen to paper at this time, did I not feel that another recurrence of the anniversary of the independence of the Universal Yankee Nation, demanded a tribute from one of her sons who is tossing, and rolling, and pitching about very extensively in the middle of the Atlantic on this "glorious fourth". Under no circumstances is ones country and her institutions so dear to her children, as when we are wandering in foreign lands or sailing under alien skies, and at no time is she recollected with so much love and pride as upon the return of these holidays, connected in some manner with her birth as one of Powers of the earth, or with some period in her national existence and prosperity. Nothing occurred on board ship to denote the presence of Independence day. The usual duties were made the order of the day, but I doubt not that among the American portion of the ships company, thoughts of home were more frequent than on other days and there was quite a respectable silent celebration to say the least. Our friend Geo Chase, the cooper, has accomplished the most in the celebrating way. Sundry kind hearted and fair not the least doubt equally beautiful young ladies residing on Nantucket, just previous to his departure placed in his keeping a box duly marked & directed, with instructions to open on the 4th of July, not before. A long month of anxious expectation has ended. The deed has been consummated. The box has been opened, and the cooper is delighted with the contents. It is truly a "glorious fourth" to him. "Have you heard any thing about it." Such friends are worth having. I hereby record my solemn injunction of visiting Nantucket if ever I reach the States again. For I want to sail in company with just such a box on my next voyage. As regards the weather the least said the better. Of the last week it has been dirty enough.

Bark Sunbeam, At Sea
Lat. 37. 01 N. Lon. 39. 59 W.
Sunday July 12th 1868

The contrast in the quality of the weather between this and last Sabbath is so great as to be worthy of mention. At that time it was "blowing a living gale", To day warm, sunshine and pleasant with just enough of wind to make sailing agreeable. It is to be supposed that the clerk of the weather has lost his reckoning, or else 4th of July does not come on the same day with him as it does with us, from the fact that he took occasion to celebrate on Monday night last instead of the previous Saturday. Those of us who were sojourning in these parts, were

treated to a splendid display of electrical fire works, accompanied by heavy and thundering discharges of Heaven Artillery. Some of the exhibition came rather too near the ship to render one exactly comfortable, some of the bolts striking in the water at but little distance from us. Tuesday the 7th spoke the whaling Schr. George Brown of Digby N.S. Friday 10th gammed the Bark Selah, Capt. Stewart of Fair Haven. Twenty five months out with 320 Bbls. Sperm oil and Eighty Bbls whale. On board of all ships carrying a large crew there is generally one among the company who by his awkwardness or want of sense becomes the butt for the whole crowd, the object of innumerable practical jokes and a great source of amusement for all hands. The ships fool with us is one Smith; whether or no he rejoices in the additional patronimic of John, I know not. But certain it is that he is Smith and Smith is irrepressible. His love for his Grandmother is very strong; a few days since he was discovered sitting upon his chest bathed in tears, weeping excessively over ~~it~~ a bed quilt which he informed his shipmates was the gift of his Grandmother, who was upwards of ninety years of age and in all probability he would never see her again. A strong proof of filial affection, a commodity not very troublesome to sailors as a general thing. A short time since while assisting in reefing he became puzzled as to the proper disposition of the gasket, and hailing the deck he wished to know what was to be done "with this string". It has been found impossible to initiate Smith into the mysteries of a square knot. His affectionate remembrance of his Grandmother being so strong & tenacious, that all the knots he ties, he ties to her memory! He informed me in all confidence the other day that he thought his success as a mariner would have been very much greater had he shipped Steward or Cook rather than in his present capacity as "green hand". A position to which it is hoped he may never attain in this craft, but those who wish to escape death by starvation. Perhaps it is well that we are not all alike. As Josh Billings says "God save the fools, for if they were all dead smart men could'nt make a living. Certain it is that if Smith was'nt aboard there would be some less fun & amusement to say the least. Friday last boarded a wreck, apparently of a Schooner. She had burned to the water, and her cargo had floated out. The anchors and chains were all of any value remaining. After several ineffectual attempts to secure these articles, we abandoned her to the multitude of fish by which she was surrounded, after having levied a contribution of some of their numbers upon the piscatory crowd. I dont know that others thought of it, but I could but wonder what became of those who composed her crew. Of course we can but conjecture. Perhaps they may have been so fortunate as to have been rescued by some passing sail. It may be that they reached land safely in their boats. Or they may have gone to swell the countless army of that innumerable host who already lie sleeping beneath the blue wa

Bark Sunbeam At Sea
Lat 41.06 N. Lon. 38.20 W.
Sunday July 19th 1868

Another week gone and no oil. Fortune that fickle goddess seems to be very chary of her favors so far. or else the whales have given fortune a dirty shake taken the bestowal of favors as far as they are interested into their own hands, or more properly speaking upon their own flukes and skulled themselves to more congenial climes, or at least to safer abiding places. So perhaps we shall have to acquit fortune of all blame in the matter, and take our revenge out of the whales when we find them, which we are sure to do before the voyage is concluded. We have had what is sometimes called the Irishmans hurricane, wind, nor one backstay and damn another, during the last seven days. Calms have been prevalent and times very dead ones at that. The sea as smooth as a mirror. The long undulating swell swaying the ships to and fro and up and down while the sails hang listlessly from their places, or flap noisily against masts or rigging. The sun at such times at this season of the year is intensely hot. No air stirring and old Sol takes these favorable opportunities to sweat all hands to the utmost. We are enjoying a beautiful Sabbath, with a fine breeze making it cool and comfortable.

Bark Sunbeam, At Sea
Lat 39.19 N. Lon 40.20 W.
Sunday Aug. 2nd 1868

Although the time in the aggregate seems to pass away slowly, still the days, one by one, glide by quickly, and Sundays comes round almost before we are aware of its existence. Tuesday 21st July spoke Bark Merlin of N.B. four weeks out clean. We learned from her, that our head boards, having the ships name on them, and which were lost overboard when we were two days out from home, were seen some 35 miles off Block Island by a schooner who at the same time passed a hurricane house, which they supposed belonged to the same vessel as the head boards. These facts being reported at home caused very naturally some anxiety among our friends ~~at home~~, as regarded our safety. But we are still afloat, and trust that we may continue to be while the completion of our voyage. Wednesday 22nd spoke the Br. Ship Kochega of Liverpool bd Sat 38. N and Lon 37.30 W. 109 days from Rangoon E.I. Thursday 23rd Saturday 25th spoke Bark Palmetto off N.B. six weeks out, clean. Monday 27th again spoke the Palmetto in company with Brig Rose Baker of Boston. one year out. 250 Bbl. Sperm oil. Saturday 25th exchanged signals with Fayal packet. Barks Fredonia. During the time since my last entry we have had a succession of variable weather, blowing strong at times & then subsiding to light and pleasant breezes.

Bark Sunbeam At Sea
Latitude 35.3 N. Lon. 37.41 W.
Sunday August 9th 1868.

We have this week to chronicle the capture of one black fish, making three Bble of oil the extent of our catch so far, and the nett proceeds of two months cruising. Our cruising ground for to day has been directly in the track of merchantmen bound up the Channel. Something like thirty sail have been reported as having been in sight. There is something particularly fine, grand and manly sail, in the appearance of a ship under full sail, bounding over the billows, like some manly winged bird - sailing gallantly along to her destination. But however grand it may all be in appearance, this bounding over the billows for two months without catching any grease is quite another story. Dick Swiveller was given to "staggerers" and I apprehend that when the illustrious Richard upon a certain occasion Expressed himself as being convinced that it was an "inscrutable and unmitigated staggerer," he hit our case exactly as far as the pecuniary success of this Seasons whaling goes. The western ground, whalingly speaking, is played out. Like I live 'tis a bed bug! If I haven't just massacred one of those beautiful birds I hope I may never see another. And without any kind of doubt his funeral will be largely attended. For they always make it a point to show their strength speaking numerically as well as in other ways. They are equal to the Irish in their fondness for funerals. Somewhat of a digression from Dickens, to bed bugs, But the subject is a prolific, if not a pleasant one. They are like Josh Billings bumble bee, "one of natures secrets." And the secret of their utility has been admirably well kept; for what under the canopy they were ever made for. I've never been able to find out, and I don't think any body else has. Whatever they are good for unless it is to ~~make~~ cause sailor men to swear. I must confess I don't know. They are apt to ship on board whalers, and after they once take possession, it might hard work to persuade em to leave. I've tried all ways that Ever I heard of. I've tried to cure the generous dodge, and give em half my berth, but they are naggish in their disposition and chose to root around at their own sweet wills. Monopolize the whole. You can't discharge them when you get into port. They are bound to perform the voyage, if no one else does. Politeness availing nothing I've annointed them with Kerosine oil, buried em in old soap, scalded them, pickled em, in short done everything that the invention of mortal man could suggest for their extermination, but all to no purpose. They still remain livelier, larger, and vanicier than ever before. We've got em all sizes, from the bigness of a bug down to the minuteness of a small pin head. And when you smash one of them fellers as big as a cent the odor arising from that smash Exceeds in fragrance the perfume of "Araby the blest." The only manner that occurs to me of ridding ourselves of the delightful creatures, and the only remedy that I can recommend, is to

set the ship afire thus making a general holocaust of vessel, cargo and bed bugs. Dine on the look out for any new facts that may come to light relative to these small deer, and shall make a note of all new discoveries having reference in any manner to this interesting specimen of natural history.

Bark Sunbeam At Sea
Lat 36.1 S. Lon 36.56 W.
Sunday August 16th 1868

Sand fearful that my entry to day will be but a meagre one. Material for the manufacture of subject matter being about as scarce as whales. Thursday the 13th spent the after noon in company with the Brig Talent of Salem; out since the 9th of June. Clear Again on Friday gammed the same vessel in company with Brig Rosa Baker of Boston, direct from Fayal. Obtained quite a recruit from the Talent in the way of potatoes and onions, thus delaying our departure from the cruising ground for a fortnight at least. The ships company are pretty generally busy to day in preparing letters for home, as in all probability we shall soon square away for port. What a large proportion of pleasure and enjoyment and (may) profit, to one whose time is passed upon the ocean is to be obtained from books. When all other means of dispersing of unoccupied time have failed, we can resort to reading matter and it is at such times that the ability to read, and to do so understandingly is most appreciated. It is an impossibility to confine ourselves to a regular or stated course of reading as the literature one finds floating about at sea, is of all sorts and in great variety. Some of the best in the language and some of the poorest, ranging from Novels and romances, to sermons & religious productions of all creeds and denominations. Magazines, illustrated, and weekly story papers are present in sufficient quantity to fill up the chinks. Since leaving home I have read "Castle Dangerous", "Fair Maid of Perth," "Anne of Geierstein" "Count Robert of Paris" and "The Surgeons Daughter" all by Sir Walter Scott. "Maude" by Louisa M. Alcott. "Fights" "Kate Kennedy." "The Flirt" and "The Compulsion of Marriage"; the parentage of which I am not familiar with. I have just completed "Sydney Hall" by Thomas Hood. I had always supposed that his attention had been given entirely to poetry, remembering him as the author of "The Bridge of Sighs" "The Song of the Shirt." I was somewhat surprised to meet with a prose production from his pen, and especially so pleasant and interesting a novel. There is no straining after effect in the narrative. The story is charmingly told. The plot is not elaborate, but well worked up, and throughout the whole book runs a vein of humour which to me is highly gratifying. I have found time to read quite a number of Way side Articles in back numbers of the "Atlantic," which periodical there are quite a number of copies on board.

Being upon a literary tack just at present. I am going to write from memory, a poem which I saw in the ~~Colonies~~ New York Independent while at home last fall. It struck me as being particularly sweet and beautiful at the time, and I still cherish the same opinion. It is entitled "Bettine to Goethe"

I

"The clasp of your hand is more to me,
Than any thing else can ever be,
The smile on your lip, the glance of your eye,
The chance kind word as you're passing by,
These things are prized by me all my life through
Than the greatest of blessings are ever by you."

II

"The treasures of earth and the gems of the sea,
Oh would I give to be near thee.
To lie at your feet in the light of the sun,
To be loved by you and smiled upon,
I love you, I worship your name as a good,
And heaven were not heaven if by you un trod."

III

"Help me to rise and stand by your side,
Pull back for no bleping if you are my guide,
Let me live in the light of your unclouding fame,
And love me hereafter that worships your name
I shall be immortal if you kiss but my brow
And the blessed eternity God giveth me now."

Bark Sunbeam Off and On
at Flores. Western Islands
Sunday August 23rd 1868.

We sighted Flores at noon yesterday, the first land made since our departure from the States. At sundown last evening we were some twenty miles from the island. Lay too until 3 o'clock this morning and then kept off for the land. Owing to light air and head tide were unable to reach a point handy to the town of Lagens until noon of to day. The Capt has just gone ashore to make arrangements for water and provisions for our next cruise. The island of Flores is one of the group, belonging to Portugal, known as the Azores or Western Islands. It lies in Lat 39° 26 N. Lon. 31. of W. From the sea, until you make a near approach it bears a rugged and sterile appearance. But the scenery changes for the better as you draw near the land. It is evidently inhabited by a farming community. The many fields of corn and potatoes wearing a thrifty appearance. Orange groves and orchards are cultivated to a great extent.

Bark Sunbeam Off and On
at Faial. Western Islands.
Sunday August 30th 1868.

After a detention of two days, we obtained our recruit of water and provisions and on Tuesday afternoon 2 3/4 squared away for the island of Faial belonging to the same group and distant from Flores 136 miles. After a succession of calms and light breezes we at last succeeded in reaching our destination this morning. This island is considered superior to Flores. The climate is said to peculiarly adapted to persons suffering from lung difficulties. Directly opposite Faial is the island of Pico rising gradually from the sea to the height of nearly 8000 feet. It is volcanic, as the origin, and has a tendency to break out in spit fire occasionally. The last eruption occurring some 8 or 10 years since,

Bark Sunbeam At Sea
Lat. 23.27 Lon. 25.51
Sunday Sept. 13th 1868.

Leaving Fayal on Wednesday the 2nd we stood along to the southward and eastward, passing the remaining islands of the group during the week; stopping for a few days on what is known as the Sleen ground, with no success, to day finds us with all sail out bound south, where we hope to make up, in the quantity which we expect to secure for our ill success in taking oil on the western ground during the past season. We shall make the group of islands known as the Cape De Verde, during our passage, remaining for a few hours probably at the island of Brava. We had the misfortune while at Fayal to loose one of our men by death. He pulled ashore in the boat, and predisposed to heart disease, the exertion of pulling and excitement of meeting his mother & other relatives who live on the island, brought on an attack, which terminated fatally in a few hours after he reached his mothers house.

Bark Sunbeam At Sea
Sto Observation
Sunday Sept. 20th 1868

We passed Wednesday and Thursday of last week lying off & on at Brava. A recruit of pigs sweet potatoes, pumpkins, and oranges, was procured in exchange for which we gave fish oil, flour, bread, and cotton cloths. Brava is the most southerly of the islands known as, the Cape Verde. The group lies about two hundred miles from the Coast of Affrica, and about 600 to the northward of the Equator. The Climate is extremely hot and not very healthy on this Group. At one of the islands the Affrican fever is raging fearfully, hundreds dying daily. Our stay ended in this quarter, we are now stretching away as rapidly as the wind will permit towards the right whaling grounds of the South-Atlantic. The monotonous life is a very monotonous kind of existence by more especially so in whaleman. Since leaving particular description, until after the close of a five or six months whaling season, just enjoying for that period in certain localities and between given points of latitude and longitude; looking the ground over carefully for some trace of old Leviathan, gazing out over the same expanse of blue sky and the same stretch of deep, dark, beautifully blue water, the crew only shifted now and then, by the intermittent as the watch stays of some other while living ever like monotony, or catching an occasional glimpse of some far away island or the rocky shores. The days become a burden & the time seems long until the weary waiting is rewarded with a sight of the welcome spout of the

But with all its dangers there is something inevitable in a sailors career. How many times after a long stay on shore, have I found my way to some spot where I could look upon the ocean, hear with the roar of the breakers in my ears and the ships as they went dancing over the waves while to my eyes there has come over me such a longing, such a desire to once more feel a thick rocker under my feet and to be tossed and tumbled about by old Neptunes mighty powers, as might scarcely be satisfied by all the inducements which a rich man on shore could offer. But the glamour of some dainty the novelty of new life soon wears away and then it is that the sailor realizes the pleasures, and advantages to be found only upon the heaving of old mother earth. Confined quarters an entire change in the manner of living. Shut out from society the many pleasant associations connected with home and friends; the sailor feels it all. As he paces the deck through his lonely watch, his thoughts are far away over that wide waste of waters through which the has sailed, recalling recollection of home, thinking of parents, brothers and sisters, or more likely dwelling fondly upon the memory of "another not a sister," one to whom his whole heart goes out with untold love, and in the remembrance of whose her existence, he lives, and toils, and hopes, for those bright and happy days, when he can once again walk lovingly beside her and pour into her willing ear, his heart burden of tenderness and affection.

Bark Sunbeam At Sea.
Lat 8. N. Lon 24.10 W.
Sunday Sept. 27. 1868

How to log the weather for the past week I am quite at loss to determine. It is a remark savoring somewhat of ambiguity that "variety is the spice of life." If it be so, then our particular dish of weather for the last seven days have been very much too highly seasoned, for we have suffered and enjoyed all kinds. To enumerate is impossible. First it blows fearfully, then before you are aware of it you are in a dead calm. The sun rises in all his splendor giving every promise of a beautiful day. Fair deluding, an hour hardly passes before the sky is black with portentious clouds. The windows of heaven are all opened and out of the doors too, and down comes the rain a fearful rate. Suddenly the squall is over and old Sol shines out ten times hotter than before. This description of a days weather is imperfect, but it is as near to perfection as I can attain, or at least as near to, for the disgusted. The fact of it is we are in the "doldrums" and when we shall get out is hard to tell. There is nothing that tries a seamans patience so much as light weather. Rather a pale of wind than a dead calm. We are desirous to get south, we might to be on the whaling ground by the middle of next month, and there

we are bobbing up and down eight or nine degrees to the north of the line, having made perhaps one degree or sixty miles during the week. That looks like making 2500 or 3000 miles in two weeks' time with a vengeance. Well it is all in a life time and whalemen see a good many ups and downs in the course of their precarious existence. I heard the mate remark the other day that he knew of a young lady in Nantucket who refused to "dance with filthy whalemen" Incredible, preposterous in the extreme, and ideal not to be entertained for a moment. Oh, Nantucket mother of whaling! and has it come to this that thy fair daughters, they who erst did delight to honor the hand of lone Neptune, they who go down upon the mighty deep and behold the Leviathan do his devouring grinding and convert him into gold, or more correctly speaking greenbacks, can it be possible that in these latter days thy fair women have soured on these brave men? have come back on the bold mariner? No. I'll not believe it. The hearts of the Nantucket maidens are still in the right place, and they yet beat with pride and admiration for the brave and generous sailor. In speaking of this party who looked with such marked contempt upon whalemen Mr Brown says: "The only time that I ever affected the heroic was in connection with this same young lady. One dismal night the evidence of her paternal ancestor was discovered to be in flames. I hastened to the scene of the conflagration, and flew to her rescue, rushed gallantly to her room, and felt in her bed for her but she wasn't there. I was so disappointed I was a good mind to stay and smother. So you see that the laudable desire of one "filthy whaleman" to heap coals of fire upon her head, by plucking her as a brand from the burning, because of her partiality for young men Engaged in other callings, was not gratified, and I failed to become a hero, and did not get my picture into Harpers Weekly."

Bark Sunbeam At Sea
Lat. 21.07 S. Lon. 29.17 W.
Sunday Octo. 11th 1868

Whether or no—the sudden change from a long and tedious succession of calms, to a fine breeze the day following my last entry is to be attributed to the diatribe therein recorded, I am unable to say; but one thing is certain, something caused a change, for the next day we started south with as much of a breeze after us we cared for and to day we find ourselves off the Cape of Trinidad, nearly half our present passage accomplished. Trinidad is a small barren and uninhabited island lying in Lat. 20. 31 S. Lon 29. 50 W. It is the custom for most ships bound around the Cape of Good Hope to make this land for the purpose of rating their Chronometers. Many times boats are sent in to fish and collect the eggs of the sea fowl which are to be found in large quantities. We gave the island the go by, and left it to fish about their glo

and the eggs to hatch out goonies and gulls innumerable. The Pundits Sailing Directory "Steam Pilot" the island is about six miles
" in circumferance, the land very uneven and at best no more than
" a cluster of rocks with some shrubs in the valleys. The northern
" most side is quite barren, but to the southward all the interstices
" of the rocks are filled with Evergreens of several kinds. There
" is also a quantity of sea fowl, fish, and many wild hogs. Almost
" detached from the island stands a bold & round, cylindrical
" in form and 850 feet high. It is known as the Nine Pin. Another re-
" markable rock is called the Sugar Loaf and its attitude is 1160 ft.
" On one side of the island is a suspendous arch or hole in the rock,
" a natural passage made by the sea through a bluff 60 feet high.
" It is 40 feet in breadth, nearly. 50 ft. in height and 420 in length.
" The depth of water is about three fathoms. When the sea is smoother
" one may see through this arch into the only bay there is in
" the island, and has a view of a distant rock covered with trees
" which renders the prospect extremely picturesque". When the Pirate
Semmes was scouring the seas in the interest of the Southern
Confederacy, "during the late unpleasantness", he burned a number
of ships off Trinidad, and in some instances landed the crews
upon its inhospitable shores. It is to be greatly regretted that our go-
vernment had not the backbone to place him in company with
the other prominent leaders in the rebellion upon a similar &
Equally barren and rugged retreat.

Sunday October 25th 1865. Lat. 36.45 S. Lon. 25.16 W.

We are on the Tristan whaling ground at last. Thin clothing has been
discarded and thick shirts, and heavy jackets are in demand. The
present season is my third winter in these parts, and I can't say
of liking it to any very great extent. Perhaps the reason for my dislike
may be attributed to the bad luck which the old "Vigilant" had. Let
her go where she would, and her arriving here proved no exception to
the general rule. The locality will rise in my estimation with every
whale we get, and if we should be so fortunate as to carry a thousand
barrels off the ground I should probably regard Tristan with very
much more favor than formerly. The contrary, should my success
equal that of last voyage, my disgust for the South Atlantic would
be of the most intense description. But the times are out of joint more
or less with all of us, considerable of more with the cabin boy, for his
wrist is out of joint as well, or rather was, for he must needs tumble
down the steerage way the other day and disable himself by dislocating his
joints thereby incapacitating himself for the performance
of his regular duty but not at all interfering with his ability to eat
a large allowance of feed, or prevent him from sleeping at the rate
of ten knots an hour, for eighteen out of the twenty four. And so I have
to do double duty, his work and my own, all of which does not tend to
render the natural sweetness of my disposition any the more angelic
by. And then too, our failure to get oil the last season has rather

but the Captain out of sorts, and when the head of affairs is out of him, all hands partake in some measure of his feelings, and out of sympathy more than anything else, give way to severe attacks of the blues, and no one feels in any way gay or light hearted. I think it would have puzzled Mark Tapley himself to preserve his repute for "jollity" under such circumstances. At such times we are all affected with symptoms of nostalgia, for we freely confess that we are really homesick. I sympathize to these sentiments.

"Oh! give me back the scenes again
I've left perhaps forever;
Had I known their parting gave such pain
I never had received to sever.
Just there may be in a life like this,
But here I could not stay,
The heart can ne'er find happiness
When its thoughts are far away."

II

"I shall miss the smiles I was wont to see
And the voices I loved to hear,
The very echoes now seem to be
By absence doubly dear.
I shall sigh those treasured ones to greet,
I shall long for their clasping hands,
For alas! few friends does a stranger meet
When roaming through strange lands."

III

"I should weep, were it not that one lovely face
Seems hovering always near;
The image in each lone hour I trace,
And its voice in the breeze I hear;
If I gaze on the stars, I see those eyes
Look down through the moonlit air;
If I shine to the clear blue waves, they rise
To the surface to meet me there."

IV

"I'll not be sad then, for I feel
I am not lonely now;
Such a shrine this for to kneel,—
Its happiness I know.
What though the land be strange & dreary,
It's something that I prize;
So long as there's an angel near
It must be Paradise."

And here many times when I'm prepared by melancholy, when memory is filled with scenes gone by, recollections of pleasant joys, well spent days past never to return, have I found myself repeating that sad and solemn refrain of Tennyson's "Break, break, breaks,
On the foot of the crags, O sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead,
Will never come back to me."

Bright Sunbeams. Steamer
Sunday Nov. 1st 1868
Lat: 40.12 S. Lon 24.55 W.

Old sailors are given to talking politics, some more than others. A political atmosphere seems almost necessary to sustain the life of many, while others are satisfied with now and then offering an observation in relation to such matters. But all are interested to some extent in State and national life, and at times feel it incumbent upon them to exercise the "inalienable right" vouchsafed to them by the Declaration of Independence, to express their views and sentiments upon the political situation. I suppose with all others of my countrymen I have inherited in a greater or less degree this predilection for having something to say in reference to the science of government and so I'm going to exercise my prerogative a little and speak out for once and that subject

ice

to day. Before the close of another week the great question, which has agitated the public mind for so many months, of who shall be our next President will have been settled. The long and exciting political fever from which the country has been suffering will have had its way and the times will begin to recover. The wheels of everyday life will fall into the old grooves and begin again to run in them: all traces of the late uproar will have vanished, and the nation settle tranquilly down to another four years existence paying loyal fealty to whoever must have been the successful candidate for the honors of the Presidency of a great and prosperous people. And this abiding by the decision of the ballot is one of the many evidences of our greatness as a people, and increases as a nation. Granted that exceptions to Mr. Lincoln and his were the alledged reasons for the secession of the southern states and the cause of a long and sanguinary war; the true cause and real reasons for the struggle however grew out of a question which had been agitated for sixty six years, viz. the relation of states to the Federal government; a question which set at defiance the will of the majority and one which was decided by the loyal men of the country, decided by the tribunal of final resort, and decided in such a manner, as to leave unmistakably to the rebels and traitors themselves, as well as to the world at large, the strength and greatness of the republic, and that the will of the majority is to be respected and obeyed. Who will be successful, we, who are so far removed from the scenes now being enacted in the political arena, can but conjecture. If my vote was necessary for the success of Grant, I should be sorry that I was not at home to give it. But I have no idea that it will be so needed. I trust and expect to learn that the gallant General has succeeded, and is elected to administer the affairs of government for the next terme of four years. We want indemnification for the depredations of the Alabama and other kindred piracies, and we believe Grant to be the man to get it. We want someone at Washington who will order traitors to take a back seat and keep it. We believe Grant will do this. We believe he will secure to the country the benefits obtained by the war, and will promote peace and prosperity throughout the Union. May our wishes and desires be gratified by his selection, and in that event may his record confirm the faith and trust of the party who have advanced him to the highest honors in the gift of a free people, that of the Presidency of the United States of America.

Sunday Nov. 15. 1868
Lat. 36.29 S. Lon 16.57 W.

"Io triumphe"! Jubilate!! "Veni! Vidi!! Vici!!!" Or as the young woman said when she got married "We've been! We've gone! We've done it"!!! And if I had command just at this present of any more Latin, or English for that matter, in any greater degree expressive of joy and hilarity over a successful weeks work, than the exclamations which appear at the head of this article, I'd put 'em all down, if it does bear a close resemblance to the heading of some sensational column in a daily paper; because the long agony is over and

were struck ile at last. Last Sunday P.M. we lowerd for Bk. fish, succeeded in taking one, which yielded us 3 Bbls. On Tuesday the 16th in Lat 36-13 S. Lon 21-35 W. we raised a school of Sperm whales. Lowerd all four boats and each boat captured a fish. Pretty well done for the first attempt, for these were the first whales that had made themselves visible to sharp eyes right since our leaving home a period of over five months. We've had trying times this last week, but we consider ourselves paid for our labor, for to day finds us with 70 Bbls of oil for a commencement of the voyage, an earnest it is to be hoped of good fortune in the future. Wednesday 11th spoke ship Gov. Troupe 5 mos out, 58 Bbls Sperm.

Sunday Nov. 22nd 1868.
Lat 34. 30 (S.) Lon. 8. 30 W.

We find ourselves to day where the "Cape Horn Pigeon" has been quite successful for the last two seasons. No signs of it yet. Fin backs are seen every day in large numbers. Saturday 21st gammed Bark "Osprey" of New Bedford six months out. 130 Bbls Sperm. Renewed a very pleasant acquaintance with Capt Hyer, who was mate of the same ship last voyage, during the last season of that voyage, when I was in the Vigilant. Met him several times on the western ground. Hyer's fine man, deserves a good voyage and I sincerely hope he may get it.

Tuesday, Nov. 24th 1868.
Lat 37.02 S. Lon 11.28 W.

To day we are in sight of the island of Tristan de Acunha from which the ground over which we are cruising takes it name. Four whalers in sight to day, two of which have been chasing right whales but with no success. Was awakened last night, somewhere about the centre of it. I should judge, with the information that there was "a ship up to windward a "Bileing." And between that and 5 o'clock A.M. that fact was repeated to me something like four distinct times, all of which set me a bileing with displeasure, for my slumber had not been the sweetest, or my dreams the pleasantest, having to a night lively bile I had on my own hook, or rather on the tip end of my nose. Biles never have been a favorite complaint with me, and I'm happy to say I never had a great many, but I've got one now, and it feels as if it were great enough in size to make up for any lack of quantity from which I have previously been so happily exempted. I can't say that I blame God for growling under like circumstances. I remember in my younger days, when I used to go to school to a maiden lady of uncertain age, that at times her nose used to assume a similar proportion, and to take on just such a degree of redness, as mine has for the last two days. Sometimes I didn't wonder that she was cross, and on those occasions she dealt out to our ears an extra ration or two of snaps with her thimbled finger. I don't know but she would have passed from my memory forever, had her tail fins not recurred to me while grounding over my own nose as of to day. But to return to the ship that was a "bileing." It proved to be the Gov. Troupe with one right whale, whether big or little we did not learn.

Sunday November 29th 1868.
Latitude 36-40 S. Lon. 11. 21 W. } A beautiful day is drawing to a close. I always like to have fine weather on a Sunday, and more especially at sea than on shore. After my entry of Tuesday last we spoke the Bk. "Coral" of New Bedford. 2 mos. out. 50 Bbls. Sperm. Friday 27 paged the afternoon in company with the Bk. "Balaena" of Sag Harbor 18 mos out. 500 Sperm. A sad and melancholy accident befell the 3rd officer & three of the crew, while watering at the Island of Tristan one day last week. The boat was capsized by the breakers and all four drowned. We are trying to work back into the west wind, but owing to head winds are making but little progress. Learned from the Balaena that the whale which the Sw. Troupe was a lifeing made 80 Bbls.

Sunday December 6th 1868
Latitude 36,15S Lon. 8,23W. } Last night we completed a disagreeable, but profitable weeks work. Monday 30th Nov. we chased sperm whales all day. About 8 o'clock on that morning we noticed the Bark Sw. Troupe to windward making preparations for whaling, and at the same time raised the whales which she was after. Lowered away all four boats, hoping to get a chance at those remaining after the boats of the Troupe had struck which manoeuvre, separated the school, some remaining near the fast whales, and the remainder making off to leeward, and our boats with all sail set in full chase. The Sw. Troupe must have taken seven or eight whales, whether she managed to save them all or not. I think it doubtful. We succeeded in taking two and had them secured alongside by 5 o'clock P.M. at which time old Boreas for some real or fancied slight or injury, or because he thought it was a good time, commenced to blow, having once begun, he continued blowing harder, and harder until old Neptune (who by the way is an intimate friend of Boreas and is never always to be found in his company, especially if that old blower is doing any extra work at the bellows,) hearing the breeze, put in his appearance, and without waiting to inquire into the expediency of the matter, or even asking us if it would be convenient, took his old chum part, and kicked up such a sea and stirred up such a commotion among the waters, that the Sunbeam shamed as she was to two more sters of the deep, pitched and tossed about in a manner highly uncomfortable, rendering any further attention to and other business than that of trying to sustain ones own proper equilibrium, utterly impossible; and so the bark and the whales ~~have~~ pitched and rolled, and breasted the waves together for forty two long hours waiting patiently for this windy old fellow to blow out his blast so that we could take the blankets off our capture in pleasant weather and in a smooth sea. Wednesday afternoon the gale having moderated somewhat, we came ship and hooked on. The ship rolled heavily in we cut and hoisted in one of the whales and concluded to let the other remain until next morning when we commenced hoisting in short order. While cutting Thursday morning, the main Mizzen

San Harbor ran down to us. She is 5 months out with 9 Bbls. Sperm oil. The gale which up to this time had begun to show some signs of abatement, breezed on anew and what with wind, and rain we have had about as disagreeable a time in looking after this fare as generally falls to the lot of whalemen. The Captain intimated this noon at dinner that our stay in these parts was short, and that very soon we should be on our way for the Southward. For one and rejoiced to learn of this determination on his part. I hope nothing may occur which will cause him to change the programme, for the Corvette seems to have been a continual nightmare to me ever since we left home.

Sunday December 13th 1868.
Latitude 36° 16 S. Lon 11° 31 W.

Friday 11th inst 7 P.M. spoke the Bark "Jno. Maxwell" of New Bedford 3 mos out 60 Bbls. Sp. Saturday 12th exam ined the Bk "Robert Morrison" out since 21st of July last 25 Bbls. Sp. The Morrison looked like an old acquaintance, as the Vigilant and she cruised in company nearly the whole voyage. The weather has been almost intolerable of late, changing for the better however yesterday. We have at last given up the attempt to reach Tristan, and are now squared away to the Eastward. I have been for some days, and am still suffering from one of Job's comforters, on my wrist. It is of the largest dimensions and the fullest kind of ache. This fact may account in part for any lack of brilliancy which may be discovered in my outpourings to day.

Sunday December 20th 1868.
Lat. 35° 09 S. Lon. 2° 15 E.

On Monday 14th ult. 4 P.M. spoke the Bark "Selah" of Fair Haven 31 mos. out 460 Bbls. She was in command of the Mate, Capt Stewart having been dead about 2 months. He died when three days out of Brava, probably from an attack of African fever, which was raging in the Cape Verde Islands, at the time his ship was at Brava. The ship has been very unfortunate this voyage— Quoting by name is whaling; stretching away leisurely to the eastward for the past week, neither sails or whales in sight, except plenty of fin backs hail back to Eve. A sail has just been reported from mast head, whether she is whaler or merchantman it is not yet determined— Two very pretty white sea birds of the gull family have been following the ship lately, they go chattering about— chasing each other round and round the vessel, and when tired of flight, alight on the yards, seemingly watching with a great deal of interest the movements on board the ship. Some of the sailors captured one last night and detained him prisoner for some little time. His mate meanwhile making a terrible row over his detention— Query! Why is it that Englishmen who when at home are bitterly opposed to the Tory party, upon their arrival in the States adopt the principles of a party precisely similar— A Bright man becomes a democrat. "Consistency thou art a jewell."

Christmas Day 1868.
No Observation.

The wheels of time have made another revolution and Christmas, "merry Christmas", is with us once again, although I scarce complain of being particularly merry, on the contrary I'm rather inclined to feel somewhat sad. O fate! inexorable fate! that compels me to spend this holiday, miles away from home and kindred, far out upon the surging billows of the Atlantic. Little did I think while enjoying the pleasures and amenities of this festival season one year ago, among relatives and friends, that to day would find me here. But it is not given us to know the future, and it is a wise providence that withholds from us such knowledge, for had I known this was to be my destiny, my joy would have been sadly marred during that happy period. I wonder if the dear ones at home as they greet each other this morning, and exchange those endearing mementoes common to this day, have a thought for the wild and reckless, though still loving son, and brother, and cousin, who to day is separated from their hearths, and their homes by leagues of leagues of blue water. As the incense arises from off the family alter on this Christmas morning, is there a prayer breathed for the wanderer? I believe there is. Love conquers distance and in their hearts, and their prayers he has but accustomed place. What pleasant memories cluster around this natal day of our Saviour. Christmas, brimming over with good intentions, and teeming with tender remembrances; day fraught with love, and kindness, and good deeds, how many hearts are glad this day in giving, and how many are happy in receiving.

We honor the birth days of our heroes and statesmen, but we reverence and celebrate this as the birth day of one whose "name is above every name," and who is greater than all. And on this Christmas morning, the recurrence of another anniversary of the Nativity, is rejoiceclaimed to us three "good tidings of great joy, and once again we seem to hear the multitude of the Heavenly Host chorusing in the same sweet and ecstatic harmony to which the wondering, and affrighted shepherds, upon the plains of Bethlehem, listened, Eighteen hundred years ago, that beautiful and joyous Christmas greeting. "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will towards men."

Sunday Dec. 27th 1868.
Sat. 8. Lon

The week ending last night was almost any thing but a pleasant one. Christmas day was dull and dismal enough. Yesterday and to day we have been favored with the sun light at intervals, and have been enabled to obtain observations both days, something which has not occurred before since I sailed. We are blessed too with a strong breeze, so fresh in fact that if we were on ordinary vessel, it would probably change

into a gale, and we should be laying too under double reef topsails instead of scudding before the wind with stgallant sails out, stretching away for the Indian Ocean, and before midnight we shall have doubled the Cape of Good Hope — The sail Spoken last week proved to be the Bk. Ogeray, nothing since last report — She is the last whaler we shall probably see for some time —

Oh what a flattering face some people do put a body to be sure. There's our first officer now, his cracks stead is now. He is fully persuaded that in iron may be found all the medicinal virtues that are of any value in materia medica; and the consequence of his sublime faith is, that he has chucked something like a ton of scrap iron into our water tank, and we perforce drink water very much discolored in appearance, and decidedly metallic to the taste. What particular term is applied by the medical faculty to iron prepared in this manner I am unable to state, I rather expect if I keep on drinking water so strongly impregnated with this mineral, that by the time the voyage is up, I shall be in a condition to be clapped with the heavy weights, and weigh 500 lbs at the least.

Sunday January 3rd 1869.
Lat. 39° 07 S. Lon. 35. 54 E. } Our course lies eastward, but in consequence of variable and adverse winds, we have made but little progress in that direction; the sum total of our run for the week being Eighteen degrees. On Thursday last we chased what we supposed to be some kind of a whale for half the day; but gave up the pursuit in despair, not to say disgust, and with a half an idea that we had been following the phantom of some dead and defunct old spouter of former days. But such is life — Meantime we made the other day, at the table, of Navy officers and their comparatively easy & idle existence. For my own part I never see one of the above mentioned gentlemen in peace times, strutting about in all the glory of blue and brass, gorgeous in their wealth of gold lace, and foul anchors, but I am reminded of the "lillies of the field." "they toil not neither do they spin, and yet I say unto you that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed as one of these."

Sunday January 10th 1869
Lat. 39. 09 S. Lon. 58. 41 E. } It is conceded by all on board who have ever croped the Indian Ocean, that we are making a moderate passage, our weeks work amounting to twenty three degrees, and our longest days run comprising two hundred and ten miles.

Nantucket must be a jolly little island, and the denizens there of a jovial set, if we may believe our mate Mr. Brown, who is a native and whose stock of anecdote and incident relative to that domain is inexhaustable. Here is one of his stories. There once resided on Nantucket a person who went by the name of Ko-ho-Dunham and the way he became possessed of so singular a soubriquet was something in this wise. Upon a certain occasion Dunham

repaired to one of the dependencies of Nantucket known as Muskegat for the purpose of spending some time in hunting and fishing. Having located himself in the only shelter the place afforded, he was somewhat surprised at the arrival of a party of young sportsmen, who made proposals to him for a share of the cabin which he occupied These overtures on the part of the youthful nimrods, were met by Dunham with an indignant and obstinate refusal. But our friends were not to be done out of their lodgings, and bided their time to bring the old man to terms. They procured a bullocks hoof, and some lengths of iron chain, and waited patiently for darkness. The night came on dismal and rainy, and Dunham had scarce lay himself in, before his ears were saluted by the clanking of chains, intermingled with the most horrid and distressing groans possible to imagine; while at intervals, rising far above the din of the elements, and the fearful tumult of groans and chains, he heard a terrible voice pronounce in thunder tones and long drawn cadences Yo-ho-Dunham; Yo-ho-Dunham! To this performance poor Dunham was forced to listen all that long and dreary night. Rising at the first break of dawn he hastened to throw open the door of the cabin, and the first object that met his affrighted gaze was the print of a single hoof several times repeated in the sand before the dwelling. Under the impression that the island must have become the abiding place of some cloven footed monster, Dunham hastened to collect and secured such of his effects, as in his fright he did not forget and then pointed for Nantucket. Upon arriving he informed the good people of his experience of the previous night, and added that he couldnt be induced to stop on Muskegat "for nothing;" that it was his firm belief "the place was haunted" and if it wasn't "twas chock full of Yo-ho's and how," for he "heerd em holler all night long." It is almost unnecessary to add that the sporting party aforesaid took immediate possession of the premises so suddenly vacated by Dunham, and after enjoying themselves in that locality to the top of their bent, they proceeded to hunt and explained the mystery of Muskegat which had so terribly frightened Dunham. It was a joke he never heard the last of, and to this day he is spoken of as Yo-ho-Dunham.

Sunday January 17th 1869
Lat 38.20 S. Lon 80-50 E.

Last week we done twenty two degrees, and went a fishing. The last mentioned performance occurring yesterday afternoon. About midway in the Indian Ocean in Lat 38.40 S. and Lon. 77. 30 W. we found the Island of St Paule. celebrated for nothing except the fish which are found there. Ever since we been going to sea whenever the subject of fish has been touched upon, some of the party who had been at St Paule, would begin to sing in a pretty high key the praises of St Paule fish. and I have heard their many excellencies touched upon, and their superiority over any other of the finny tribe vaunted with a smack of the chops at the very remembrance of their toothsomeness and quality. And now after my first visit

I take great pleasure in heartily endorsing the general verdict. For the fish line I never saw their Equal. What there must be in the water about this island which fattens them to such a degree, and renders them so delicate a flavor, I have never heard. Crayfish which are a sort of first cousin to a lobster, similar, with the exception of the large claws, abound here, and nothing can be said of the fish, which may not be applied to them. The fish resemble our Cod fish somewhat though much fatter, and of a better flavor. Had Charles Lamb ever eaten of a St Pauls fish, roasted and stuffed, he wouldnt have gone into ecstacies over roast pork. We reached the island about 4 P.M. yesterday, and spent two hours or more in fishing, and since the return of the boats to the ship, to remark that we have "just lived", would be but a feeble expression of the manner in which our gastronomic faculties have been put to the test during the period which has elapsed since their arrival. I'm afraid we wont get such a luck out again in many a long day.

Sunday January 24th 1869
Lat. 38° 20 S. Lon. 102° 31 E.

To day we log 1480 miles as the result of last weeks sailing. The best weeks work yet since leaving the Cape of Good Hope. Quite an excitement existed on board during the first part of the week, over a trial of speed between our ship and a merchantman. While we were fishing at St Pauls, he passed us with every thing out and a fair wind. The next morning, Sunday, we raised him on our starboard bow, and by night we had him off our starboard beam. Up to 2 P.M. that day the wind was blowing a fresh gale. At that time it began to moderate and the sea to go down; so that we turned out on Monday morning to a pleasant breeze, and smooth water, & Mr Merchantman was on our starboard quarter. Light, steady breezes being just what we wanted to display our sailing qualities to the best advantage, we drew away from him all day. At sunset he was full five miles astern. The relative positions of the two ships remained unchanged during the night. Tuesday morning the wind freshened and our neighbor commenced to draw up to us and gradually gained ground all day. Eight bells that night found him on our Port beam. Neck & neck all Tuesday night. Wednesday morning the wind had subsided & having a smooth sea, we began to drop the close acquaintance of our merchant friend more and more, and continued so to do all day, and at sunset he was just in sight astern. Thursday morning he was invisible from off deck, but was descried from mast head still following on in the dim distance. Since that time we have seen nothing of him. whether he changed his course to save his credit, or whether he is still after us, persisting in his vain attempt to distance us, it is impossible to say. We are all very much gratified with the performance of the "Sunbeam" on this occasion, and consider that under existing circumstances she done nobly. But to day we seem to stand a chance to get us badly beaten, as we beat our opponent of last week. Raised a sail this morning that has been gradually drawing on us all day. What the result will be cannot tell as yet.

Sunday January 3rd 1869
Lat 17.52 S. Lon 114.55 E. } On Friday night last passed the N.W. Cape of Australia thereby completing the passage acro's the Indian Ocean, a distance of 4620 miles in thirty three days. Not the quickest run on record, but a very respectable one considering the amount of moderate weather we have had since leaving the Cape of Good Hope. We are now steering acro's the straits of New Holland making for Sandalwood Island. Cannot help but contrast the warm and beautiful weather we are now enjoying, with the freezing temperature with which our friends at home must be afflicted about these days. At nine o'clock this morning signalized a Spanish Bark steering with us. To night he is almost out of sight ahead. A hard beat for the Sunbeam.

Sunday Feby. 7th 1869
Lat 10.39 S. Lon 120.29 E. } Whew! There are warm days in our calendar: or rather, hot in the superlative degree, might be the better expression. The thermometer standing to day at 96° in the shade. Such an exaggerated degree of warmth is not very conducive to brilliant competition. Light airs and calms have predominated during the week just ended. Progress slow. Sandalwood Island in sight to day off our Port beam. The Spanish Barque mentioned in my last entry has been in sight since last Thursday morning, and to day we are sailing along in company, that is when we can catch a puff which is not often. O, for a breeze!

Sunday Feby. 14th 1869
Becalmed off Bouro. Banda Sea. } Becalmed in mind almost as badly as in body. Nothing of interest to write about and very little inclination to "sling ink" even if items were ever so plenty. Hot. Thermometer at 88° Can appreciate for the first time in my life the desire of Sailor Smith to be able "to take off his sleeves and sit in his vines". We have an occasional squall to vary the monotony; sometimes it is wind and sometimes rain. We are on cruising ground at last, but business dont open very rich as yet. However we have "great expectations."

Sunday Feby. 21st 1869.
Off Tawalla S. Molucca Passage }

The splendid line engraving which appears at the head of this article is a correct representation of a Sperm whale captured by the Barque Sunbeam on Thursday of last week. We can vouch for the correctness of the likeness, as the plate was engraved at great expense, especially for us, by that justly celebrated workman Vanderhoop, from original drawings made by our special artist on the spot. And we wish distinctly to state, just here, that as a draughtsman "our artist" has no living equal. Particularly when the draught to be taken, consists of about four fingers of old bourbon whiskey. We trust that our readers will duly appreciate our efforts in the illustrating line. It is our desire and ambition to render the articles continued in this Journal as interesting

as possible, and if in order to accomplish this desirable object, it is found necessary to call into requisition the aid of the artists pencil & graver; it will be done regardless of Expence It will no doubt be perceived by our appreciative friends that our artist has seized upon a favorable moment to depict the form and features of this monster. It is just after he has been slaughtered, and is securely fastened by Enormous chains to the ships Like the celebrated painting of Napoleon croping the Alps, where Napoleon might have been seen but for the smoke, so in this instance the ship is understood but not expressed, as it was concluded that a representation of the vessel would detract in a very great degree, from the awful sublimity with which the artist desired to invest the principle figure in the picture. We congratulate the Sunbeam upon her success, and we congratulate ourselves that we have obtained, & afforded our readers so splendid an illustration of the subject.

Sunday. February 28th 1869.
Off Maregolang & Molucca Passage. } Islands in this section of the world are like the bargains in an Engineers catalogue, too numerous to mention. We are in sight of land almost the whole time. Thursday last chased whales a good part of the day. Sea very rugged with strong breezes. and quite a heavy squall coming up, was obliged to give up the chase. We are making preparations for going into Kema, to recruit ship & give the crew a run ashore.

Sunday March 7th 1869
At anchor off Kema. I. of Celebes } We came to our present anchorage on Tuesday morning last; and since then have been busily engaged in getting off supplies of fresh provisions which prove very acceptable to palates surfeited with a salt horse & hard tack diet. I am not prepared at this time to Enter into any Extended account of the place, as our stay here is limited, and we have had but little opportunity of making acquaintances or of taking notes. Kema is a village lying at the N.E. Extremity of the Island of Celebes. This island forms one of the many dependencies of the ~~Netherlands~~ Dutch Crown in these waters. Minado is a large town 21 miles from Kema and is the residence of the Governor of the Island & deputy Governor resides at Kema. The natives are Malays & in common with the inhabitants of all tropical countries, are to a discerning New Englanders fancy somewhat indolent in their habits, although they consider themselves a hard working people. As far as I have had a chance to judge, I should say they are a hospitable people, polite & affable, and the few with whom we formed an acquaintance received us very cordially & in this connection I shall mention the names of Mr. John Winters, who proved himself a pleasant acquaintance, and a true gentleman. The town of Kema is laid out with as strict a regard to regularity as is Philadelphia & the perfect order & neatness of the streets is somewhat surprising, and especially when we consider the indisposition of the inhabitants to

any great degree of manual labor. The trim looking appearance of their village, might well be emulated by many a town & town of in Yankee land. The houses are all of one story, constructed of bamboo, with by far the greater part built out double in the shape of piazzas running entirely round the building, and the whole structure set upon stilts some four or five feet from the ground. The piazzas are furnished with lounging chairs & sofas, which are pretty generally occupied the people spending most of the time, in the delightful ~~occupation~~ employment of lowing. Removed some distance from the street & shaded by a luxuriant tropical foliage, these dwellings present a decidedly pretty & comfortable appearance. One thing I noticed while here that in all my travels I never chanced to see before, and that is the way in which the women take care of their babies: Instead of holding them in arms, they sling them on their backs, in a piece of cloth & with a sort of weaving, undulatory motion sooth them to sleep, and when old Mr Morpheus has fairly got them, the corners of the cloth containing the dear little cherubs, are fastened to a rope suspended from some beam or rafter, and there they are left to snooze, gently swinging to & fro in the passing breeze. Cradles have not come into fashion in this part of this world. We have obtained an excellent recruit in quantity, the quality would be better if the people were not too lazy to cultivate their crops; vegetables are planted & there they remain, not even so much as looked at hardly, until they are ready to be gathered. Yams, sweet potatoes & apology for Irish potatoes, squashes & corn together with bananas, cocoanuts & other tropical fruits we have secured in great abundance, & we expect to feed for some time to come. I believe I've gained ten pounds already. We should have sailed last night had not three of our men been foolish enough to run away. Sorry to pay one of the shedadalled hails from Hartford. There are two trading vessels at anchor in the harbor, also a Dutch revenue cutter & a Gunboat of the same nationality with an unpronounceable name. We shall probably make this port again sometime in the course of the voyage, when I shall have more time at my disposal & when I hope to be able to give a better description of Kema & its inhabitants.

Sunday March 11th 1866.
Off Tawalla E. Molucca Passage } Last Monday night, having waited the 48 hours prescribed by law for our runaways, we up anchor & bid good bye to Kema, after leaving instructions with the Governor for their arrest & detention if possible. We shall touch there some day this week to see if they have been taken. On the morning of the day we left, the Dutch Mail steamer Baron Sloet arrived in Kema. No letter for me. Friday the 12th spoke Bark Jos. Maxwell. Capt Lowell 600 out with 150 Bbls. whale, 50 Sperm. Pleasant weather, and everybody enjoying themselves hugely. Eating fresh pork & poultry, vegetables & fruit. No signs of whales.

Sunday March 21st 1869.
Off Maregdang S. Moluca Passage

Thursday morning last found us off Kéna once more & Capt Fisher went on shore in search of our absentees. He found them "in durance vile" awaiting his arrival & seemingly very glad to see him & to obtain the chance of getting on board the Sunbeam again. They disclaim any attempt at running away, & affirm that wandering some little distance from land, they became bewildered, & were unable to find their way back. They had hard however & kept on travelling & finally brought ~~tracks~~ up in Monado, from which place they were sent backs to Kéna by the Governor under an escort of soldiers. They state that they are heartily sick of bushwhacking on Celebes. When in Kéna two weeks since we learned for the first time of the election of Gen Grant. Our expectations & hopes are realized & we trust, that during his administration our country may Enter upon a new career of prosperity. A little incident came under my observation, while in Kéna, that goes to illustrate, the cordiality of the people. A party of five of us from the ship were calling upon the Harbor Master, while sitting upon the piazza, two little girls children of the Gov. came up the steps and bidding us a pleasant "good Evening" shook hands with each of us. It was a little thing, but it touched me exceedingly. It was to me a mark of good breeding, certainly so far as politeness goes, rarely to be met with in Children of their years and perfect strangers to us all.

Sunday April 4th 1869.
Off Morty S. Pacific Ocean

Week before last passed tediously Enough, beating up the Moluca Passage, bound for our present cruising ground, where we arrived on Monday of last week. On the Evening of the same day we lowered for a large school of whales, but we were so late in the day to do any business. Thursday morning we sighted another large school, & gave chase, with a little better success than before. Succeeded in taking two small ones which yielded us about twenty barrels.

Sunday April 11th 1869
Off Morty S. Pacific Ocean

Another week of "masterly inactivity" is Ended. Nothing of interest to chronicle, unless it might be the untimely fate of poor Jocko, a little monkey, who shipped on board of us in Kéna. His master in a moment of passion consigned him to the tender mercies of the sharks. What blunders we make when we attempt to use implements, the utility of which we are ignorant of. Our literary friends sometimes get to talking and writing of matters which they know very little about & to those of their readers who are in the same happy ignorance as themselves, it makes but little difference, but to one who recognizes an error the beauty of the entire article is marred by the blunder. Not long since in reading a very able paper by Ralph Waldo Emerson on "American Civilization" I was somewhat surprised to find that so careful a writer

should have erred so greatly in one of his comparisons. The passage to which I have reference is as follows. "The ship in its latest complete equipment, is an abridgment & compend of a nations arts: the ship steered by compass & charts; longitude reckoned by lunar observations, and, when the heavens are hid, by chronometer; driven by steam" &c. &c. Now Mr Emmerson is a fine writer, but I think he would hardly be able to pass an examining board as a navigator. And should he ever attempt a passage relying upon any such method as he has mentioned, of reckoning longitude, I fear he would very soon come to grief, or the bottom, which would perhaps amount to pretty much the same thing. To one familiar with the science of navigation the passage quoted is laughably absurd. One would be led to infer from it, that the only method of determining a ships longitude at sea, was by a lunar observation, while the truth is "working ships time" by "a lunar" is the method least in use, among several different systems of solving that problem. Mr. E. is evidently somewhat mixed on his navigation, or else he must have a patent chronometer of late invention, by which he determines his whereabouts when the sky is obscured, and the "heavens are hid". If there be such an instrument I think it is generally unknown to mariners. & the gentleman would confer a lasting obligation upon the marine public, by informing them where such a really valuable instrument may be found. The fact is celestial observations, & the chronometer go together in determining longitude, the one being entirely useless, for that purpose unless used in connection with the other & Mr Emmerson might just as reasonably expect to be able, either on a clear or a cloudy day, to reckon the longitude with his kitchen coal scuttle, or his boot jack as to do so with the chronometer alone. But I did not intend writing a treatise upon Navigation, but merely to notice Mr. Emmerson's new system of finding the position of a ship at Sea.

Sunday April 18th 1869
Lat 1 - 39 S. Lon 128-58 E.

The sameness usually attendant upon our daily existence in these parts, was somewhat broken in upon last Monday, in our meeting with the Bark "Java" of New Bedford. 16 months from home with 270 Bbls. Sp. Oil Capt Kempton in command. He has made an unpleasant, as well as an unprofitable voyage so far. Some eight months since, while himself & second officer, together with a portion of the crew was on shore, those remaining on board ship mutinied, killing the 3d "Mate, tied the 1st Officer in the rigging, flogged him, and then left the ship. It is reported that they were picked up by the Dutch Mail Steamer & sent to the States, which comprises "unpleasantness" No 1. Just before last Christmas while cruising off New Guinea, nine more of the crew, headed by the Steward, took French leave in a boat & haven't been heard from since. Those remaining on board are dissatisfied and intend leaving on the first opportunity. There is evidently something "rotten in Denmark"

Sunday May 2nd 1869.
Ternate.

We anchored in this harbor on the evening of Thursday 29th April. Found here the Bywater. Gov. Carver and Joseph Maxwell. Saturday morning a Dutch Man of war, with one of those not to be attempted names, steamed into the harbor and after paying honors to the stars & stripes, dropped anchor. She is awaiting the arrival of the new Resident, or as we should style him. Governor. The town looks pleasant enough from the ship, while the mountain towering away to the height of some 8000 feet, its sides deeply wooded to the very summit, presents a view grand in the Extreme. I'm going on shore to day, to see what is to be seen, and if anything worthy of note presents itself I shall jot it down for my next entry.

Thursday May 9th 1869.
Molucca Passage

Yesterday morning at 9 o'clock we tripped our anchor, & bid farewell to Ternate. I have spent a greater part of the week on shore, and on the whole am very much pleased with what I saw. Like all the other islands in this immediate section of the world, Ternate is a dependency of the Dutch. It has been settled for a great many years. First discovered & settled by the Portuguese. Taken from them by the Dutch. In turn taken from the Dutch by the English, and by them ceded again to the Dutch 1808, it has since remained in their possession. It has at one time been the most flourishing of the Moluccas, but much of its glory has departed. It boasts of a large Fortress called Fort Orange which bears the date of 1664. On Monday morning last the mail steamer Princess Sophia arrived, having on board the new Resident. Quite a follification was made over his Excellency's arrival. The military paraded, salutes were fired, flags and streamers waved in the breeze, & the shipping in the harbor floated all the bunting at their disposal. There is but one english family on the island, a Capt. Edwards and his wife. The Capt. is master of a trading vessel which he runs about the Islands. Mrs. Edwards is a real nice jolly old lady, fair, fat, & I should judge something more than forty. It is a great treat for her to meet with some one who can converse in her native language, and her house is made the rendezvous for all americans who frequent Ternate. To have been in Ternate and not to have seen Mother Edwards, is to have omitted a duty as well as a pleasure. The native inhabitants of Ternate are Malays & the majority are mahometans in faiths. There are many Chinese settled here. They congregate in a certain quarter, called China town. They are great traders & merchants, these long tailed celestials, their cheif object in life seems to be to get what they can & keep what they get. The vice of gambling is a perfect mania with these people. They are playing at games of chance from morning until night. We have probably made our last visit to Ternate for this voyage. Ke ma will be our port after this. This is an arrangement which suits me, for several reasons. For one thing we can get a better supply of fruit, and we are better acquainted.

Sunday May 16th 1869.
Lat 3-58 N. Lon 125-07 E. } Working against head winds and head tides, we at last made Kema on Thursday afternoon. We learned in Senate that there were some letters for the ships in this place, It proved to be a false report, and the skipper came on board letterless. The Barques Jos. Maxwell and Orlando were at anchor. The latter is bound home. We have sent by her to Mauritius, to have the ships letters at that place, collected, and forwarded to us at Kema, where we hope to find them on our return.

Sunday May 23rd 1869.
Off Simonor I. Celebes Sea } "It is a long lane that has no turning" and we have at last run across a trifle of good fortune. Tuesday the 18th we captured two whales which will yield us about 25 Bbls. We are now cruising on the ground where the Barque Gov. Carver secured her voyage. I trust she may have left some of her good luck for us, for we need it badly enough. The water is, and has been for the past week perfectly alive with fish. Immense schools of skip jacks & yellow tails are jumping & breaching about the ship all the time. Large numbers of grampuses, black fish, & porpoises are seen every day. Now the great question with us is, where are the whales?

Friday June 4th 1869.
Lat. 3" 00 N. Lon 121" 47 E. } Old "Father Time" has made no stoppages during the last twelvemonths and to day we record the first anniversary of the departure of the Barque Sunbeam from New Bedford, in search of fortune and sperm oil. The tenor and date of our present entry would indicate that we are somewhere near "where the gorgeous East with richest hand, showers on her kings barbaric pearls and gold." At any rate if we are not in that precise locality we are full as far East as I care to go, unless I can very speedily begin to see some indications of that metallic showering spoken of by the poet. In fact I am inclined to think that it is more a matter of poetry than fact, for since our arrival in these parts our fortune has been any thing but good, and sperm oil any thing but plenty. Our first years experience has failed to realize the sanguine expectations with which we left home. We hoped then to have been able to report at this time at least six hundred, but we can only number a third of that amount, and to day we hail two hundred barrels as the result of our years toil. During the year we have seen sperm whales but eight times. On six of those occasions we succeeded in securing 'em, viz. Nov. 10th 1868. Nov. 30th 1868. Feby. 18th April 1st May 18th and May 31st 1869. Thus it will readily be seen, that our chances have been very much below the average. What our success in the year before us may be, we are of course unable to determine. Our only means of judging of the future, is by the past, and in looking forward by that light, our pathway to success does not seem to be very clearly defined. However the tide may

turn in our favor yet. We trust it will, and while we do not give up all hopes of a good voyage, still we are prepared in some measure for hard luck if it should come. So much for our financial status. Socially speaking we have nothing very alarming to report. We have lost one man by death, and have left one, the carpenter, at the Hospital in Ternate. Have shipped one man and a cabin boy during the year. With these exceptions the ships company remains as it stood when we left New Bedford.
The voyage has been a pleasant, if not a profitable one so far. May the good feeling which has characterized our ship life up to this time, still continue to actuate us all, during the remainder of our connection, so that in the event of our venture not proving to be a pecuniary success, we shall at least have the pleasure of looking back upon times agreeably spent, and upon a voyage free from those petty differences, and hard feelings, which in so many instances mar the enjoyment of such a retrospect.

Sunday June 6th 1869
Lat. 3° 39 S. Lon 121° 39 E. } Since my Entry of May 23rd we have taken a trip acrost to Cape Rivers where we picked up a twenty Bbl. whale. We made only a short call, as usual, and now we are back on the Carver ground. We may stop as much as a week. Doubtful though, very. To day we spoke the Bark "Alaska" of New Bedford. Capt. Fish 21 months out 750 Bbls. Sperm. She is a new ship and is on her first voyage. She has the reputation of being a fast sailer. We have expected to be beaten bad should we fall in with her, but she has done us nothing to day, and we are somewhat inclined to think that the boot is on the other leg & that the Sunbeam can beat the Alaska under certain conditions of wind and weather.

Sunday June 20th 1869.
Lat 1° 34 N. Lon 122° 05 E } Cruising off Cape Rivers again. Tuesday 8th spoke the Alaska. She took a small whale that day. Friday the 11th inst spent the afternoon in company with the same ship. It was there and then decided to carry on the next campaign in the China Sea, and it is the present intention of the powers that be to "go in for a vigorous prosecution of the war" in that locality. It is to be hoped that we may meet with better success on those cruising grounds, than we have had as yet. We need to do something pretty soon or our voyage pecuniarily speaking is a failure. We shall in all probability find the weather very much more comfortable than that we have been accustomed to of late. It is so very hot that one has no ambition to do anything, and it is an effort almost to breathe. One feels enervated in body and mind both, and the lassitude is so great that if circumstances did not demand some little degree of activity one would be satisfied with an unlimited amount of sleep. Under such circumstances brilliancy in competition is hardly to be looked for.

Monday July 12th 1869.
Off Cape Rivers. Island of Celebes. } From the length of time which has passed away since my last entry it might naturally be inferred that journalistic matters had been neglected by me for quite a season. As an excuse for such neglect, we plead for the first part, business; for the second indisposition. We are pleased to chronicle to day the advent of good luck. Beginning on Wednesday the 23rd ult. of June we captured three whales, on the following Saturday, one; the next day, Sunday, five; and on Monday one more, making a larger streak of fat for the Sunbeam than we have hitherto found in our thus far remarkably lean voyages. This fare of oil gave us plenty of manual labor for one week, and so much for business. Latterly the writer has been afflicted as was Job of old, with "sore boils", and has had but very little inclination to journalize, in consequence. As we have been so fortunate in these parts, it has been decided to give up our projected China Sea campaign, and "trust to luck" for a good season's work here. The indications are very promising. Day before yesterday we caught three whales just at night and are hard at work trying out the oil to day. We trust this is an earnest of future success.

Friday July 23rd 1869.
Off Cape Rivers. Island of Celebes. }

Sojourning for so long a time in this Malay inhabited portion of the world, and making an occasion visit to many of their villages, I have become somewhat familiar with their manners and customs, and to a New Englander their mode of existence seems very strange. But noticeable above everything else, to me, is the condition of the women. I have lately been reading some of Mrs. Stowes productions on the "woman question" as they appear in the "Chimney Corner" series of the Atlantic Monthly during the year 1866. Among other statements made by her these one that, "there is no country in the world where women are so much considered, and cared for, and sheltered in every walk of life, as in America", is perfectly true so far as my own observation goes, and my chances for remarking the verity of the statement quoted have been not a few. It strikes me that if the strong minded portion of Yankee femininity who are forever harping upon the wrongs of woman, could have ocular demonstration of the degraded position which their sex occupy in some portions of the world, they would thank God that their lines had fallen to them in so pleasant a place as Yankee land, become contented with their present privileges, and advantages and be satisfied that their position as American women is in many, many, respects far more exalted than in any other country on the face of the earth. Contrast for a moment the condition of the woman of the Moluccas and the adjacent islands in the far east, with that of the same sex in America

and you will find the difference in estate so vast, that no comparison can seem applicable to circumstances so different. On the one hand; love, reverence, protection is here, on the other toil, degradation, and nonentity is her lot. In America "women reign as queens in every household". Here, debarred "that kind of knightly feeling towards her which reverences her delicacy, her frailty, and which protects and cares for her." she assumes a station but a small degree in advance of the brute creation, and toils through life with no conception of the happy lot of her more favored sisterhood of other lands. "Women are the recognized aristocracy, the only aristocracy of America and so far from regarding this fact as objectionable, it is an unceasing source of pride in my country" So says Mrs. Stowe, and I say, amen most heartily. What makes all that is beautiful, and refined, and elevated in our happy homes of New England, but our dear mothers, and our virtuous and loving wives and sisters? Does any one know of such a thing as a home in this part of the universe? Why, home is a word the significance of which is entirely unknown to this people, and will always remain so until woman among them is elevated to the position which the Almighty intended she should fill when he made her "an helpmeet for man." Womans lot here is truly a deplorable one. The extent of labor performed by the men is limited, to their usually successful attempts, to attain to the greatest degree of laziness possible, while the gentler sex are forced to do all the work and drudgery there is to be done. Nor are the wives and daughters of the better class among this people but little farther advanced in the social scale. To be sure they are not obliged to till the soil and to perform the drudgery of beasts; but what do their lives amount to? They don't live, they merely exist, a toy, a bauble, a something to gratify the passions of man, and to administer to his sensual desires. No home beautified and ennobled by her presence, no society made purer, and happier by her life. To the Lady Stantons and the Lucy Stones of my own land I would say, here is good ground in which to plant your seeds of radical reform. Come out here and preach "womans rights" Here is where woman needs champions. Send out your missionaries into this benighted land, and convert if possible this people to your ideas of the prerogatives, and what should be the social status of woman. And when you have educated the masculine population up to the American standard of reverence, and love for the feminine gender, when you shall have succeeded in elevating the women of this, and other like quarters of the globe, to their proper place in society, then, in my humble opinion, it will be ample time to agitate the question of female suffrage and representation at home. But womans chances for advancement here look small indeed. They themselves seem to accept the situation, and to have no desire or ambition to be any thing more than what their mothers and grandmothers were before them. "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise" and so perhaps my sympathy in their behalf is a waste of material after all. But in view of all these things I cannot but feel thankful that it was my

priviledges to have been born and bred in a land, where all that is good, and lovely in the female character is appreciated and respected, and where all men are true and sincere believers in the priesthood of woman.

Friday August 5th 1869.
Off Cape Rivers Island of Celebes. } The record for the last month is easily made. The usual succession of calms and light airs, with an occasional squall have attended us, and we have braced and squared the yards, and tacked ship, and wore ship so many times that it seems to me as though the old ship must be pretty nearly worn out. The 14th of last month we captured four whales, and after taking care of them, made a trip to Sourabaya, saw nothing on the passage, stopped on the ground about ten days and saw the same. Made Cape Rivers on the morning of the 7th inst, and at the same time fell in with game. Took two whales that day. So far we have done a very good seasons work and were it possible for us to continue in so good success we should very soon have a voyage. I suppose that we shall go into port soon. We are getting short of water, have been entirely out of vegetables for some time, and are on a regular diet of salt meat and flour. About which I begin to feel some what as the Irishman did when the boarding mistress multiplied the one regular fish day of the week by seven. Upon taking his place at the table, his eye fell upon the familiar platter heaped high with codfish. Turning to the landlady, he broke out indignantly "Pork and bane's Ma'am as much as ever ye loike, but no more of yer salt cod or I'll lave the house in the morning."

Monday August 23rd 1869.
Moluca Passage. Off Makian. } One week ago to day we bade adieu to Cape Rivers and started for our old cruising ground off Maregolang. which place we shall probably get to by to-morrow wind and currents permitting. We have been favored with an unusual amount of fresh water during the past ten days; when it once begins to rain in this country it is at loss to know when to stop. The weather has been very much cooler in consequence of strong breezes and over cast skies. I have been wondering quite a good deal lately, what sort of a world this would be if every one thought alike. Perhaps it may not be a very profitable subject for speculation, but when one is entirely shut out from the world as I am, and for so long a period, ones head is filled with thoughts and ideas which under other circumstances would be dismissed with but very slight attention, or it may be not meditated upon at all. But at sea, many times one has nothing to do, but to think, and the subject of diversity of opinion as it occurs among the inhabitants of this "terrestrial sphere," is quite a fruitful theme for thought, and a subject upon which I often find myself meditating. In social life how many the different ways and means of ameliorating and benefiting the condition of mankind, and each system has its advocates strenuous ly urging its utility, and manfully fighting for its adoption to

the putting down of all other means having the establishment of the same end in view. In the political world we see the same opposition of ideas. One party brings forward this candidate, and this set of measures, confident that if man and platform are rejected at the polls, the country will go to universal smash; while the other party are firm in the belief that if their particular rule of political faith, and its exponent, be not accepted by the people, the fate of "Empire and of Rome" will culminate in an equally disastrous break up. In the religious world we find matters much the same. One man reads his Bible and interprets it differently from what I do, and as honestly believes that he has put the right construction upon the passage which he has read, as I honestly believe that my exposition of the same passage is the only correct one. He is morally certain that such a chapter should be expounded thus and so, while I entertain in reference to the same chapter, an entirely different, though an equally honest opinion. One person may earnestly urge what seems to him to be orthodox doctrine, and wonder why any one who possesses common sense can not see things in the same light that illumines his understanding; while another may retort in the same strain with equal wonder, and amazement, that so sensible a man should hold to such heresies. Now I am satisfied in my own mind that I have a fallen, and corrupt nature, or as St. Paul expresses it, that my "carnal mind is enmity against God" and so long as I am "carnally minded" I am every moment in danger of the "second death". But as soon as I by faith in the merits of Christ crucified for sinners become "spiritually minded" and awake unto "newness of life" in Christ Jesus I have "hope in the glory of God" and believe that after death I shall be admitted to eternal felicity with him. I am certain that the Bible teaches me no other way whereby I may attain to perfection of knowledge, and virtue, and beauty thereafter. But there are some who read the same Bible, who are honestly persuaded that in much of my belief in divine things I stand upon untenable ground and that I have no scripture warrant for such an assurance as I profess, and will quote to me chapter and verse in support of their own theory, and in the vain attempt to convince me of error. Now, how are these differences to be reconciled? For my own part I can only pray God to grant me wisdom whereby I may attain in as perfect a manner as possible, to what my Catechism told me in my younger days was "man's chief end" namely, "to glorify God and enjoy him forever."

Batu Sunbeam. Kema. Dut Celebes.
Monday September 13th 1869.

Once again at Kema renewing old friendships, and luxuriating in the rich profusion of fruit and vegetables which we have found here. I am enjoying myself very much more than on my previous visit, having become much better acquainted. It is customary here for each one of a ships company to choose a "friend" from among the many score of natives who

who present themselves on board on the first arrival of the ship, as candidates for your favor. These friends bring you every morning, and sometimes twice a day, a great supply of all kinds of fruit. When you go on shore, it is expected that you will make their house your home, everything belonging to them is at your disposal. You ride their horse, you sleep on their best bed, they exert themselves to set an appetizing table for you, in short it is expected that you will make yourself perfectly at ease in their domicile. My friend rejoices in the patriarchal cognomen of Abraham, what his last name is, or whether or not he has any, I can't say having never asked him. Suffice it to say he is a jolly old Malay, and talks the best English of any one I've seen in these parts; and his wife, Mrs. Abraham is in every way worthy of him. She does up shirts first chop, and as for coffee and curried chicken, she has no living equal, at least in Kema. And when it is my turn on shore, you may be always sure of finding me, making myself as comfortable as can be on Abrahams front piazza. Now it must not be supposed that Abraham shows me all of this kindness, and attention for nothing. O no, not at all. Doubtless he may be actuated in some degree by hospitable feelings, but you see the old chap knows, that I have the charge of the ships small stores and he expects to be made the recipient of a handsome present in the shape of bread, or flour, or any thing else which may be at my disposal. And so it is with all these "friends"; they expect to get what they can out of you in return for their favors, and I cannot say that I blame them. We all look out for No. one, and what we get from them is of much greater value, than the little which we give. Kema is a very quiet place, and one would expire of ennui in a weeks time were not almost any locality a welcome change from sea life. Lolling listlessly in a big arm chair, or stretched at full length on a settee, looking out into the dense foliage which surrounds your quarters, and listening to the many dreamy, dog like sounds peculiar to tropical latitudes, one might suppose were it not for the heated condition of the atmosphere, that he had fallen upon Irvings "Sleepy Hollow" in the Catskills, instead of being at its very antipodes in the pleasant little town of Kema, on the "spicy" isle of Celebes. About as much sport as the place affords is to be obtained in horse back riding, if indeed the diminutive specimens which one mounts here, may be dignified by such an appellation. These little animals are what we at home would call ponies. They are about half the size of our horses, but are in every way, size excepted, a perfect steed. They are clean limbed, short bodied little fellows, and many of them are very handsome. They are fleet of foot, and very enduring, and carry you in the saddle as easy as any rocking chair. The height of a sailors ambition is arrived at when he can get command of a horse; and any pleasant afternoon when there is a watch on shore, one might reasonably conclude that Sheridans Cavalry had come to town

as these hair brained sons of the sea dash up the street, and around the market place at break neck speed, regardless of consequences, and very much to the astonishment of the inhabitants. The horsemanship displayed on these occasions is truly wonderful, and the ground and lofty tumbling performed by some of these amateur cavaliers would do credit to the best gymnast in the business. But the one comfort that they have'nt far to fall, and such accidents are unattended, by serious consequences.
But I must bid Kena, and Abrahams, and Abrahams wife, and the horses good bye until next spring, when I trust that we shall return to find them all as flourishing as ever, and to pass another equally as pleasant liberty with them.

Monday October 4th 1869.

Lat .55' N. Lon 130°-47' E. } Since leaving Kena, we have been very busy doing nothing, and as a natural consequence the days have passed monotonously, and we are almost ready to fly for very weariness. Every one has the blues and if the times dont change for the better very soon, I fear that our feelings will impart to out countenances a very deep shade of that interesting color, and our complexions will become as indigo. Now is'nt this a sad state of affairs! In the first place the weather is enough to drive one wild. For the last six weeks I believe there has'nt been six days but what it has rained more, or less; a greater portion of the time, considerably more. Fresh water is a very desirable thing, and especially so at sea, but there are times when it seems as though we were blessed with too great a supply, or that at least we are favored in this manner rather too often. Another disturbing element in the natural serenety of our dispositions is the numerous head winds and tides we have lately had to encounter, No matter to what particular place we may desire to go we are sure to be met by contrary breezes and a current running in an opposite direction. But I suppose that the one great cause of our bad feelings, is the fact that the majority of the ships company failed to get letters from home in Yenadi. The 18th of last month we stopped there for a few hours, with the full expectation that we should certainly get letters, but the most of us were so fully disappointed, only three out of our entire number being so fortunate as to find news from home awaiting our arrival. We succeeded in obtaining two American & three or four English newspapers covering dates from April to the last of June of the present year. But the items of interest to us were very desultory and meagre, the most important news being the Inauguration of Gen. Grant as President of the U.S. and several of his appointments including Mr. Motley Minister to England, Mr. Washburne to France and Gov. Curtin to Russia. The election of Marshall Jewell to be Governor of Connecticut. and a notice of his having recommended in his message an alteration in the existing Divorce laws. The completion of the Pacific R. R. The commencement of a new Atlantic cable,

and the notice of the successful laying of the shore end at Brest, France. The Electric riots in Paris. The continuance of the Indian war in the U.S. The Revolution in Cuba. The excitement in England over the Irish Church question, and the Velocipede furore. This completes the summary. Isn't this a great batch of news to cheer and gladden ones heart, after an absence from civilization of over fifteen months? Well, we are told that all these and hundred trials, are for our discipline. It may be that they are. One thing I know, that if a kind Providence spares my life to reach my native land once more, homes and friends, I am certain, will be appreciated, and loved by me more, and better than ever before.

Tuesday Oct. 14th 1869.

Off Aia Islands. Lat. 1°-06 N. Lon. 131°-15 E. } Intense excitement on board the Bark Sunbeam!! Anticipated attack upon the ship by Malay Pirates!!! The decks cleared for action!!! Peaceful termination of the affair! We cannot with propriety pass over the proceedings of this day in silence. We consider that the occasion demands a prominent place in our Journal, because it isn't every day that furnishes us with so much material for a sensational article. This has indeed been a day of events, and we have been the victims of a pretty general scare. We have of late been getting somewhat aldermanic, if not in proportions at least in taste, and as we have for the past weeks been in close proximity to a group of islands known as the Aia group a great resort for green turtle. It had been concluded that at the first favorable opportunity, we would sail in and get a supply. Accordingly this morning, presenting a fair chance, we kept off for the islands and for turtles. Running in a short distance from the land, we started two boats upon the expedition. Previous to their leaving the ship we had noticed a prow, or large canoe, but supposing it to contain fishermen we paid but little attention to its movements. Our boats had scarcely touched the water however, before the scene changed and there was every indication of our having sailed into something else besides turtles, nothing less probably than a Malay pirate. Our position it may be imagined, was startling in the extreme. We knew that we were prosecuting our business in waters which but a few years ago were swarming with these blood thirsty, and ravenous free booters; and even now we were aware that in spite of the exertions of the Dutch government for the suppression of piracy in these seas, ~~the~~ of these merciless scoundrels were occasionally captured. Meanwhile the prow was gaining on us fast, we could see the occupants crowding the outriggers, and paddling to their utmost. Matters began to look dubious. We were in a poor condition to repel any formidable force; our armament consisting only of one six pounder signal gun, four whaling guns, and a half a score of condemned U.S. muskets. Plenty of powder for trade, but little handy for defence. Imagine our feelings. All the harrowing details of all the atrocious piracies we had ever heard of crowded upon our remembrance. Nevertheless we recalled our boats, and every one set to in earnest getting

in order the few weapons of offence and defence we were possessed of, with the stern determination to do and die if need be like brave and heroic Yankee tars. Some in their determined zeal, for it would uncharitable to attribute such conduct to cowardice or fear, sacrificed portions of their blankets for wadding, and commenced loading their muskets by putting in the wadding first. For myself, in looking upon the "hurrying to and fro in hot haste" which took around me, I could think of nothing but the first battle of Bulls Run, and in what constituted the comparison, for the life of me I couldn't tell unless it was that I felt like running that day, and upon this occasion I felt considerably the same way, and if I had been on terra firma instead of on shipboard, my legs might have coincided with my feelings. But after all the fuss and excitement, our pirates turned out to be very peaceable, and well disposed fellows after all. They merely came off to welcome us and to trade. After satisfying ourselves of their friendly intentions, we sent in two boats and procured two turtles weighing about 250 pounds each. And so ends this days adventures. By and throughs them we have procured an item for our Journals, have become possessed of many a little incident which will do to laugh, and talk over during future long watches, and in spite of supposed pirates have secured the basis of a jolly good turtle soup.

Thursday October 21st 1869.
Off Maregolang Island Molucca Passage.

Leaving the scene of our bloodless encounter with the suspected pirates, we made the best of our way to Morty, and our way was none of the best I can assure you; what with head winds and tides we were a long time in getting there, and after we were there the current was bound we should not stay, so making a virtue of what seemed to be a necessity we squared away for our present cruising ground. We saw whales however once on Morty before we left, but it was just at night, and we met with no success. Yesterday dame fortune condescended to smile upon us a bit. After a long days work we succeeded in bringing to the ship four whales. We consider ourselves peculiarly lucky as the day was very calm, not a breath ripples over the smooth expanse of water, and "Camps" at "Mugby" would have probably designated the day as the "deadest and dullest" calm on record. To day we are a busy lot making preparations for converting our capture into oil. May like occasions happen often.

Saturday November 6th 1869.
Off Maregolang Island. Molucca Passage.

After a fortnight of continual watchfulness, and patient waiting, we have again been rewarded with a capture. So we are debtors to good fortune once more. If the weather were not so terribly hot in these parts, our existence would be much more agreeable. The thermometer averages "90" in the cabin week in, and week out. Living as we are in perpetual summer, a New England winter will be apt to tell upon us when we get home. However I imagine we shall be able

to stand the press if we are only fortunate enough to arrive at home in good health and with a full ship.

Sunday November 14th 1869.

Off Maregolang S. Moluccas Passage } Verily there is "cussing" on board the Sunbeam to night. Imprecations both loud and deep fall upon the ear from all quarters, and expressions more forcible than polite are heard both fore and aft. This has been a sort of a black letter day with us. About noon we raised a large bull Sperm whale, a little event that has'nt occurred before this voyage. Very naturally every one was anxious to secure him, and we lowered the boats to a splendid breeze, and gave chase with every indication of a speedy capture. Alas for our high hopes, and sanguine expectations, our fine breeze very soon assumed the proportions of a severe squall, and the boats were recalled. The squall was of short duration, and with the whale ahead, we went for him again. This time we thought we had him sure, but we were doomed the second time to disappointment, and our boats returned to the ship fair specimens of unsuccessful whalemen. Hence, the maledictions. Something or someone must be blamed for our ill success. But the fact of the matter is that animal was'nt for us: he had'nt the Sunbeams brand on him, he was never destined to grace (E) (S) the hold of that sputter. So good bye whale may you never be captured unless by some one in greater need of you than ourselves.

Thursday November 25th 1869.

Moluccas Passage. } Well, here we are again, and with the same old story, dull, duller, dullest. In fact we are enduring as best we can a red hot monotony. There, I have accomplished an original remark, and I flatter myself an expressive one, but how never attained to it in this brain soothing atmosphere, I am at loss to tell. No whales, no sails, O that we might see a ship, or ship, a sea, either episode being a "consummation devoutly to be wished." Sitting here with the mercury at 90° it is hardly possible to realize that this is Thanksgiving day in our far away home. But so it is. There the harvest has been gathered, and the bleak winds of November, as they strip the trees, and whirl the dead leaves over the frozen ground, are reminders of the approaching winter. For weeks the poultry has been fattening, and many's the death gobble, and quack that has lately been heard in Yankee land, of the victims destined to grace the home feast on this festival day dear to every New England heart. How many homes are filled with joy and gladness to day, as absent sons, and daughters find their way back to the old hearth stone, and join their thanksgivings with their loving parents. From all quarters of the land, and perchance from foreign climes comes up the wanderer, to the old roof tree that during the longest absence, or the most extended travel has never been forgotten. Oh, how the olden memories thicken about me to day, and I yearn for that dear old home of my boyhood

when Thanksgiving was one of the brightest spots to me in the whole year. But those halcyon eras are past, and we will let "the dead past bury its dead." never expecting in this existence, again to enjoy the unalloyed pleasures of Youth.
Although I am not destined to give thanks to day over roast turkey, and chicken pie, yet as I masticate my portion of salt meat and duff, painfully cognigant of the fact that I am following the precarious fortunes of a Sailor, poor in pocket, and in creature comforts, "Yet how rich is my condition, God and Heaven are still my own". and I feel that I have much, very much to be thankful for. God in his good Providence has preserved my life through countless vicissitudes, and I am come to this day in health and in strength. For the greater part of my life I have lived at variance with my Heavenly Father, but to day, I am humbly grateful to Him, that during the past year, I have been made sensible of my lost and ruined condition, as a sinner against the infinite majesty, and love, and holiness, of my Creator, my Preserver, and my Benefactor, and through faith in the precious blood of Jesus I trust that I am reconciled to God. Is not this a sufficient cause for joy? Should this not be a Thanksgiving day indeed? It may be that in the eternal purpose, I am never again to clasp hands with those I love, Never again to greet relatives, and friends around a Thanksgiving board in the land of my birth, but I joy in the hope, that if this happy privilege be denied me on earth I shall one day meet many of them, all I trust, in my Fathers house on high, where we shall join in an eternal Thanksgiving, ascribing "blessing, and honor, and glory, and power unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb forever".

Thursday December 16th 1869.
Off Buro Island. Banda Sea } The jottings in my Journal of late have assumed somewhat the character of angels visits, few, and far between. But what is one to do with nothing to write about. I might to be sure, fill my pages with matter foreign to the purpose with which I commenced these etchings, and having no bearing upon, or connection with the scenes through which I am now passing. But as for items of interest in our daily life on ship board, they are not to be had at any price, and the dearth of material necessary to the manufacture of anything like a readable article, exceeds by far, the paucity of Miss Mc. Flimseys wardrobe, and further, I undertake to say that there never was a voyage made, so void of all incident, interest, excitement, or pleasure as the one we are now enduring in the Sunbeam. Saturday the 4th of this present month we left Margolang astern and squared away for Boeton Passage in the Banda Sea. Everything progressed favorably until we struck into Pitts Passage, when the Island of Buro challenged us to a race, and we raced with it for the space of a week. It was a highly exciting, and interesting heat, sometimes Buro was ahead and sometimes the Sunbeam,

Thus for a brace of days we would keep along neck and neck. At last after a long and gallant struggle we distanced her, and finally succeeded in running her under water. But we still found winds and currents contrary and much to our regret were forced ↑ to give up all hopes of a cruise off Boeton Ravages this season, and so to day finds us running down the south shore of Bouro bound for the Island of Amblaw, in hopes that fortune may give a favorable turn to the magic wheel, and bring us some little succes in that quarter.

Thursday December 23rd 1869.
Latitude 2 3/4 S. Lon. 126°-16 E. } Last night we experienced the heaviest squall of the season, and "all hands" were called for the first time this voyage. When the watches were set at 7 P.M. the ship lay in a calm in the entrance to Gillolo Passage, about midway between the Islands of Pulo Gasses and Kekik. With a strong current running to the N.E. we were set rapidly down towards Kekik, and at 10 P.M. were still minus wind, and were thinking seriously of having to tow ship, or going ashore upon the rocks. About this time we were favored with a breath, so that we were off shore, and indications were favorable for a fine breeze. But what we expected to be a fine breeze, proved a strong hurricane, and having all sail out, we got a right lively shake up. Part of the sail we had out, is out yet, out at sea somewhere, and liable to stop out some time I imagine. Of course such a to do mustered the whole ships company instanter, and we shortened what sail there was left in short order. I suppose the ship was on her beams ends for fifteen minutes or more, and in spite of our precarious situation, I'll no doubt our friends would have laughed heartily to see the "undersigned" as he appeared in his "dish-a-billy" striving to throw some light upon the subject, but whose strenuous endeavors to strike a light proved abortive for several consecutive minutes owing to the fury of the elements. But jesting aside, it was a bad time, and I dont care to see any more such. We lost our main sail, fore & gallant sail, and damaged our fib and mizzen top mast staysail badly, and there be no end to various slew lines, buntlines, reef tackles and other small gear that's among the missing. It has taken us all day to repair damages, but we are right side up now with the Island of Geby under our lee, to which place we are bound for wood and water.

Christmas Day 1869.
Island of Geby. Gillolo Passage. } "Merry Christmas" this year finds us at the Island of Geby. I wish I might say that it had been a "merry" day with us, but we have been much too busy to be very joyful. But for all that, I have found a little time to "keep my memory green" with reminiscences of the past, and

have made "merry" in my heart, that my life has been spared to
witness the return of another anniversary of the greatest and
grandest epoch in the worlds history, the Nativity of Jesus of
Nazareth the Saviour of men. "Amid whatever changes of arts,
"letters, institutions, empires, one figure continues supreme in
"history. It is that of the man whom John baptized, whom Pilate
"crucified; who built no capital, led no army, wrote no volumes;
"who seemed to the principal persons of his time to have fitly closed
"a restless yet an obscure life in an ignoble death; but who framed
"himself, and who now is named, in all the written languages of
"mankind, the Son of God. The brilliant names of orators, soldiers,
"skillful inventors, sagacious statesmen, gradually fade in the
"vividness of their lustre as other generations follow that to which
"their genius was first exhibited. But the name of Jesus continues
"to command, and ever more widely, the love, the reverence, the
"obedience of mankind." And to day we celebrate His birth.
More than eighteen hundred years ago He lay a babe upon
his mothers breast, in the manger at Bethlehem. More than
sixty generations of men have passed away, since the day-star
arose in the east, the God-appointed herald, whose celestial
scintillations guided the Magi to the cradle of the young child
Jesus. A score of centuries is nearly numbered since the angels
of the Lord proclaimed the "good tidings of great joy" to the simple
shepherds of Judea. How pleasant it is as we contemplate this
portion of our dear Redeemers life upon earth, as we look down
through the dim vista of the past, and gaze upon our "Prince" and
"Saviour" as He lies upon his lowly pillow, to be able to say in joy
and in confidence He is "the Lord our righteousness". And how
cheering it is when we remember that

"The same star lights up our sky
To guide our steps, as when
The Magi of the olden days
Were led to Bethlehem."

"And ever when the Christmas comes,
We list the same sweet strains
That swelled, those centuries ago,
Acros Judeas plains -
'Tis all the broad earth gentle peace, -
Peace and good will to men!'
The peal and glad, that heralded
The Babe of Bethlehem."

Saturday January 15th 1870.
Off the Island of Morty. Pacific Ocean } My Journal and I are in danger of becoming entire strangers to each other unless my entries are more frequent. But business has been driving of late and I must plead want of time in extenuation of my neglect. The new year has opened rich with us. "Victory has perched upon our banners" and we inscribe success upon our log books. But to resume the chronicle from the date of our last entry. Having completed our wooding and watering at the Island of Eeby, we up anchor and left on the morning of the 27th of last month. The 31st found us off the Island of Sydang vainly endeavoring to surmount obstacles in the shape of head winds and tides, adverse currents and monotonous calms. The afternoon of this day we passed in chasing a large Cow Sperm whale, but at dark were obliged to give it up for a bad job as the animal utterly refused to be caught. After beating, and banging about for another week, we managed to escape shipwreck among the many dangers of the Gilbert Passages, and the 7th of the present month we reached our present cruising ground, where we found the whales awaiting our arrival. Captured a sixty bbl. fellow that day. The 8th lowered the boats. No success. The 9th took a small whale and the 13th succeeded in bringing two fifty bbl. fish to the ship. The 11th spoke the Barque "Kathleen" of New Bedford 30 months out 700 Bbls. The same Barque in sight to windward this day we took our last whales. And so ends the record.

Friday January 28th 1870
Off the Island of Morty } It occurs to me that it's about time to make another display of penmanship, and so I'll begin, and continue as well as I can with the very scanty material at my disposal. We have been cruising in this vicinity since my last entry, in company with the Bark "Kathleen", in each of more luck, something with which our neighbor seems to be blessed in a very much greater degree than ourselves. She having been fortunate enough to see, and take whales twice since we have. This day week the two ships came together, and we passed the evening in company. Talk about a "sewing society", or a "tea party" why it cant begin with a whalemans "gam". Every one gets up their "jaw tackle", and then they go at it, and the way small talk suffers is a caution. All the news that has lately been heard, and considerable more that is manufactured on the spur of the moment, is exchanged. The whales that have been caught on the voyage, all have to be caught, and killed over again, and those that were captured on previous voyages have to suffer a further slaughter, it may be for the twentieth time. The yields from such fares doesn't amount to much however. Officers are talked of and about, and their various merits, or demerits, discussed. And in many instances the "dis" is dispensed with. And so the many tongues wag merrily for the space of three,

or four hours when the command of "man the boat" puts an end to the visit. At such times an exchange of reading matter takes place, and many's the old acquaintance that one meets in this way during the voyage. "Felix Holt The Radical" came the other day to renew an old friendship. Our cousin Kate will doubtless remember when we first met this independent gentleman. These little breaks in our monotonous existence are very pleasant, and furnish us with material for thought, as well as serving to stir us up a bit, so that we may not stagnate altogether.

Sunday February 6th 1870
Off the Island of Morty. } How little is necessary to the upsetting of ones serenity, and peace of mind. Now here we were this morning feeling particularly good. Patting each other on the back, and congratulating ourselves on being the possessors of 820 Bbls of Oil. When, "presto, change", the "Kathleen" hove in sight boiling, and cutting all at once, and showing every indication of having very recently taken a large amount of oil. As soon as this fact became generally known, we was'nt on the congratulate so much as we were. We did'nt feel quite so good as we did. And our 820 Bbls did'nt appear quite so large, in comparison with the "Kathleen's" probable One Thousands. It's all very well to try and appear gracious about it, and as though one did'nt care. You may try the magnanimous dodge, and say "well, I'm sure I'm glad to hear of his good fortune. She needs it all, for up to within a month she had'nt seen the spout of a whale for nine months, and she is out 2½ years you know." But it is only trying after all; you can't make a go of it, and you must acknowledge to yourself, that you really wish the Kathleen had kept out of the way, and if she must see whales you wish she might have seen them somewhere else. You feel as though you had a sort of a prior claim to all the benefits to be derived from this cruising ground; a sort of primary right and title to all the advantages accruing therefrom, because you got here first. Now this is very like selfishness I'll admit, but it's human nature as well, and as my Uncle says, "human natur's a queer feller."

Sunday February 20th 1870
Off the Island of Morty } I am opposed to profanity, on principle, but just at this present moment I should be pleased to find some one who would swear about fifty cents worth for me. I've come to the conclusion that whaling, like niggers, is mighty "uncertain". Certain, it is that of all the numerous ways and means of obtaining a livelihood, this scouring the seas after oil, is the most unsatisfactory. Take the story of this present months work, and it is a relation which it seems to me would draw tears from turnips. The 9th we fastened to a large whales. One of the tribe not favoring such pointed proceedings up and spilled the contents of the boat, and walked

off with the string. That's a concise statement of "unpleasantness" No 1. The 16th inst. we paid our attention to a large school of whales, but in spite of our undivided efforts we came on board at night wholeless. That comprises narrative No. 2. To day we lowered for a large lone whale, a hundred barreler at least. It is not necessary to give an extended description of the chase, had we captured him would have done so with pleasure, but alas! we didn't do it and so ends No 3. Verily what phantoms we are, and what phantoms we pursue.

Tuesday March 8th 1870
Off Ternate. Moluccas } We are just bidding good bye to Ternate where we have been at anchor since Saturday last. The whales having left the North ground, we deemed it advisable to follow suit, and before seeking them elsewhere, it was concluded we had best go in and get a recruit of fresh provisions. We have taken in fifty or sixty bushels of sweet potatoes, have eaten our fill of bananas, oranges, mangoes and the like, and have had a good run on shore, renewed some very pleasant acquaintances at Fort Orange, done our devoir to Mrs Edwards, and leave port feeling very well satisfied. Dear old mother Edwards. Not a very handsome craft, modelled rather on the old dutch galiot pattern, but staunch, and true, and good for all that. I shall never forget her, warm hearted, brimfull of love for every thing, and every body that can speak the English tongue, her beaming face, and cordial welcome will ever remain a green spot in my memory. May she live many years to dispense the hospitalities of her pleasant home in the Moluccas to such rolling stones as myself. I regret exceedingly that I have as yet failed to meet with her equally excellent husband, the worthy Captain. But in both occasions of my visiting Ternate he was absent in his brig. Mrs. E. tells me that she does occasionally get lonely, but she has lived so long in the country that she has become familiar with the vernacular, as well as their manners and customs, and has become quite reconciled to living out of the world. We are now bound acr[illegible] the Passage to Kema, for the purpose of obtaining letters, and making a further addition to our supply of fresh provisions.

Wednesday March 16th 1870
Off East Coast of Celebes. Molucca Passage. } Between you and Land the main mast, I am disgusted and disappointed. What an outrageous country this is, where one must needs wait a year or more for news from home, and then, after waiting patiently for that length of time, it ain't no two to one, that you'll get a letter. I wrote to my friends last Sept. and I'm still waiting a reply, and it looks very much as though I might take it out in waiting. Yesterday we went into Kema for our mail, and I am the only one aft who is letterless

Now such a state of things isn't very pleasant to contemplate and when one sees all of his shipmates eagerly devouring the contents of a home, or a sweet hearts letter, such a vision does' nt tend to make ~~one~~ one feel particulary sweet tempered. But I suppose growling wont mend the matter any, and if I should grow grim this until the close of the voyage it wouldn't hurry up my mail, or add to the number of my letters. So I will take my disappointment as philosophically as I can and hope for better fortune next time. The distance from Ternate to Kema is one hundred and sixty miles. The first night out of Ternate we made seventy five miles. The following morning we captured two small whales which yielded us about 120 Bbls of oil. The remaining half of the passage, owing to light winds, and calms, we were one week in accomplishing. Slow sailing that. It seems that we are not to have a clove chance there during the ensueing year. We learned in Kema that at least six Provincetown schooners are expected in this vicinity very shortly, and two or more New Bedford Barques. The indications are that the whaling business in the Atlantic ocean is about a dead letter. Well let them come, all we ask is a "fair field and no favor" and we will take a voyage out of the country, in spite of Provincetown or the whole of Cape Cod.

Sunday March 27th 1870
Molucca Passage.

On Thursday the 17th we spoke the Schooner "Alpine" of Provincetown, Captain Baldwin. Fifteen months out. 180 Bbls. Sperm. It appears that the Alpine is the pioneer of the expected Provincetown fleet. But I apprehend that unless she meets with speedy good fortune, his report will deter the remaining vessels from taking the risks of so long a cruise. We have to day, to credit fortune with more favors. On Sunday last we took a fifteen Bbl whale, and on the day following, we brought to the ship the largest capture of the voyage, a hundred Bbl fellow at the very least calculation. Another small fare, and we can haul out thousand. We hope we may get it soon.

Monday April 4th 1870
Off Tattas Molucca Passage

"The ox is still there yet." We spent the afternoon of Thursday and Friday last in company with the Barque "Endeavor" of New Bedford, Capt Taber commanding. Sixteen months out with 800 Bbls Sperm and 500 W.B. oil. They have been quite fortunate considering the large amount of sickness which they have had. We ought, on board the Sunbeam, to be very thankful that we have been so signally blessed in the enjoyment of good health. Our present season will probably conclude in a few days, as whales seem to be scarce in the Passages. All hands are busy preparing letters for home.

Monday April 10th " 1876.
Kema Island of Celebes. } Here we are giving Kema another benefit. The natives seem pleased to see us, and we are glad to see the natives, so it is a sort of a mutual admiration atmosphere around. Fruit and fresh vegetables are suffering to an alarming extent. My long looked for and anxiously awaited letters have at last arrived, and there isn't a happier person anywhere about than I. If there is any thing in the world that will make a fellow feel good, it is to be the fortunate recipient of two such warm, and loving letters, as have come to me from the dear ones at home, after my long absence of nearly two years. I suppose my feeling so particularly nice, is one great reason why I have found my present visit to Kema so pleasant. My old friends Mr. and Mrs. Abrahams are in a flourishing condition, and added to the usual attractions, of their pleasant home I have this time, had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of Abrahams daughter, Miss Wilhelmena. She is not the famous Abrahams daughter that the boys used to tell about going down to Washington to fight for, and never having met that distinguished individual, I am unable to compare her with the subject of my present sketch, but as female beauty runs in this section of the world, I can assure you that Wena's claims to good looks are not to be treated lightly, and I am persuaded that she might easily provoke hostilities among the many young men in Kema, who are spoken of as her admirers. Now I'm not and never was good at a description of "lovely woman", and so whoever peruses these pages will be the victims of a woful disappointment, if they expect to find herein recorded a long and entertaining list of Miss Wena's charms of form and features. All I can say is, she is sweet sixteen, she has beautiful black hair, and eyes, such eyes, large, intensely black, and very expressive. I can imagine just how expressive they would be, and to what an extent they would snap, if by chance she should happen to fall out with her husband, when she gets one, and should feel obligated to flourish around to a certain extent, with that womans weapon the broom stick. However I've never seen her in a passion and hope I never shall, for she is certainly very sweet tempered and winning now, and I should regret exceedingly to know that she ever suffered her "angry passions" to rise.
As to the young ladys accomplishments; well, she has as many as her surroundings afford. She hasn't been fashionably educated, never has been a pupil in any celebrated "female seminary", knows how to work as all Malay women have to, can speak her own lingo well enough, and talk sufficient English to make herself understood. She's perfect fun to hear her murder the Resident's American. She is very anxious to learn and when I am at the house, she plies me with all manner of questions, and our attempts at understanding each other

would seem very annoying to an outsider, I should imagine.
There is one thing which would improve Mena's appearance,
I think, very much, and could I venture to approach so deli-
cate a subject, I should try to induce her, in common with
all the female population of this part of the globe, to insti-
tute a reform in dress. And just here it may be proper for me to
enumerate the articles that go to make up a Malay woman's wardrobe,
although it is a subject entirely out of my line, and I am fearful
that I shall make a poor fist of it. To begin with the head gear as
Jack would say. In this, these people are a touch above ours, for our
women wear just as little as they can upon their cranium, while
our oriental lady dispenses with even the slight apology of which
her American cousin is pleased to denominate a "hat". The great
majority of eastern females are blessed with a great profusion of
hair, and this of itself is considered by them as a sufficiently
ornamental covering. Their clothing proper consists of three arti-
cles. First a long chemise buttoning high in the neck, and pret-
tily embroidered. Next a cloth some two or more yards in length,
and reaching nearly to the ancles, is wound about, and fastened
at the waist. These cloths vary in color, design, and material, many
of them being quite handsome. Over these things they put on what
looks to me just like a mans long sack coat. This garment is worn
open in front, and is usually white, unless the parties are in mourn-
ing when black is the prevailing color. These with bead worked
Chinese slippers cover the inventory of dry goods belonging to a wom-
an of the Moluccas. The only redeeming quality of which styles
is to be found in the fact that it is a fashion which never changes.
But for all that I never shall like it. Not because it is too scanty,
for the climate is so hot that the number of articles of wearing ap-
parel must necessarily be somewhat limited. Nor because it is not
neat and clean, for I can safely say that the Malay woman is always
tidy. But my objection to the ladies fashions here may be found in
the fact that they are very unbecoming, positively ugly to my
way of thinking. To be sure they probably think our styles of dress
equally as unbecoming and absurd as we do theirs, but at the same time
I would just like to put Mena into the hands of some fashionable
American modiste, and I am sure the improvement would be
plainly perceptable. I would'nt contract to pay the bills though.
But I must hold up or there will be considerably more of Mena
than of Kena, in this entry, and as it is my turn on shore this
evening I think I'll drop the pen for the present, don my best
bib and tucker, and go and call upon the young lady in question.

Sunday April 23rd 1876
Moluccas Passage } Tuesday last at 4 o'clock P.M. we "wiped our weeping eyes", figuratively speaking, and bade adieu to Menado and to Kema for another long six months. We passed an exceedingly pleasant fortnight there, and it is the first time that we have ever regretted the necessity of so short a stay. But we have had our play spell, and as our motto should be "business first," and as it is our particular business to catch whales, why we must banish all regrets, and turn our attention steadily to the purpose for which we are here. When we were at Kema a year since three of our men deserted, but after a short absence they were captured, and brought back to the ship. This time while in port a like number took a french leave, and among them one of the original absentees. We are obliged therefore to spend some ten or twenty days cruising in the Passage, when we shall touch at Kema to see if they have been taken. We hope they may be for the ship is short handed, and they have had no cause for any such proceedings. To day we are standing along under full sail bound for our old cruising ground off Manegolang.

Sunday May 7th 1876
Moluccas Passage } In accordance with our expressed intention of attending to business, we made a small capture of an eight barrel whale last week. Rather a small fare but better than nothing. Having waited sufficiently long for the capture of our runaways, we are now bound to Kema after them, working against head winds, and tides as usual—

For some cause or other, I have been very restless, and unsettled since our departure from port, more so than at any previous time on the voyage. This feeling is somewhat new, and strange to me, as I can in almost all cases adapt myself pretty well to circumstances, and rest contented in whatever lot I may chanced to be placed in. But I suppose that my letters have contributed in a great degree to my unquiet. My thoughts are now constantly at home, and with those whom are dear to me there, and my desire to see them all again, to thank them for their loving and tender kindness to me, is very great. In fact I'm homesick. That's the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, and the sooner the Sunbeam is headed that way, the better I shall be suited. Speaking of letters leads me to remark that of all the people in the world, it seems to me that a sailor prizes a letter the most. Expected letters form the subject of many conversations for weeks before the ship goes into port. How many each one thinks he shall get, and who will be the writers. Speculations are rife as to the health of those from whom they are awaiting news. And if it is known that Jack, or Ben, or Dick, were paying particular attention

to any certain young lady, previous to sailing, or if they are supposed to be engaged, to get "splicied" when the voyage is concluded, many are the jokes that are cracked at their expense, and numerous are the wishes of their messmates, that they "may get good long ones, and chock full of love". As soon as the ship anchors in harbor, a boat is sent in for the mail, and returns as quickly as possible. Watch the various countenances as the ship's company crowd aft to the quarter deck, where the mate is unlying the bundle and looking over the contents. Notice how eagerly they listen as he calls the names of the fortunate ones. One fellow carries off two, another three, or four, or perhaps five. Some get only one but they think that they are lucky to get that, while many who have been anxiously waiting, and were "sure they should get one any how," turn sadly away as the last name is called, hardly able to repress a tear at their bitter disappointment. Some bear the frustration of their hopes quite philosophically, and you may hear one remark, "well if they wont write to me I'll have my revenge, I'll write to them, and give them double measure at that." Others feel badly enough, and make up their minds to quit writing altogether. What numberless questions are asked of each other by the owners of the precious missives. "How many did you get Dick?" "Is she well Jack?" and other like enquiries. Many of those who sail in whale ships, are young men who have parents or other relatives living in the States, and it seems to me that if they only knew how great a value their sailor boys placed upon a letter from home, they would consider it their duty to be particular in writing often, and to be sure that their letters bore the proper directions. For I do really believe that if many a young seaman had received the expected letter from parent, sister, or sweet heart, giving him good advice, teeming with love and affection, exciting him to worthy actions, and assisting him by kind advice, and wise and prudent counsel to make, and keep good resolutions, such a one would have been ~~xxxxx~~ kept from falling into deep ~~disgrace~~ dissipation, and thus been saved from dreadful disgrace. Would that those who have friends at sea might realize this, and that they would use some little extra exertion if need be to keep themselves in communication with these ocean rovers.

Sunday May 8th 1870
Lat. 2° 11 S. Lon 122° 28 E.

After an absence of seventeen days we returned to Kema, on Thursday of last week in search of our missing ship mates. We found them being entertained at the Government boarding house known as the Alabrees. It seems that they remained in the bush three days, when they came to the very wise conclusion that the salt junk, and sea biscuit of the Sunbeam was far more preferable than to remain in the jungle on Celebes, and starve on a short diet of wild onions. Accordingly they marched back to town, sadder if not wiser men, and gave themselves up to the tender mercies

of the Harbor Master. By him they were consigned to the lock up, pending our arrival, where they fared sumptuously every day upon tin entail fishes and a double handful of rice. They must feed them now very profitably engaged in picking and cleaning iron work, a little job that in all probability will last for the remainder of the season. We found the Schr. "Alcyone" at anchor in Kema. She has taken 80 Bbls since our last advices from her, and now hails 280 Bbls. 2½ months out. Friday morning raised the Bark Kathleen. Lowered a boat and boarded her. Found that she had taken but 45 Bbls. since we parted company on Monday. We had been expecting to hear of her with 1200 Bbls at least, and we were pleased to learn that she had'nt beaten us during the past two months. She was bound into Kema to recruit ship and give liberty. To day we are in the Molo Sea bound to Cape Rivers. We hope to do as good a season work there, as we did during the corresponding season last year.

Sunday May 15th 1870 }
Off Cape Rivers. Celebes } And that's all. Literally all there is to be said, unless you record the fact that it is terribly hot, and that almost all on board are suffering from severe colds. And of all the colds, a hot weather one takes the precedence for being generally disagreable. One such as I've got now is a great plenty for one voyage, and I shouldn't shed tears if I never had another. The last week wore away monotonously enough. We mended as said or two, and our runaways kept up a horrible din picking away on the iron work. The rest of us are punished by the deafening clatter they keep up from daylight till dark, full as much as they are worked up by the job, so that it is a great relief to have Sunday come, so that we may have silence for a day at least. It is said that "fortune favors the brave". If this be so we ought to be the especial pets of that fickle goddess, for saying nothing of the bravery and confidence required in the simple prosecution of our calling, I think that those who are courageous enough to face this climate for a thirty months cruise, are fairly entitled to good success. We are on our old cruising ground of last year, but have seen no signs of Leviathan as yet.

Sunday May 22nd " 1870 }
Lat. 1° 52' N. Lon 122° 55' E. } The event of the past week was our gam with the "Barque" Jr. "Maxwell" of New Bedford, on Tuesday the 17th inst. She is 21 months out with 700 Bbls. 150 of which is whale oil. We are enjoying to day, a beautiful Sabbath, with a fine breeze which makes the temperature quite comfortable. It is an axiom with seamen that "there is no Sunday off soundings", and the proposition holds good on board the Sunbeam. In making this statement I do not of course mean

to imply that we ignore the existence of the day altogether, and continue our labor as upon the ordinary days of the week, because we do cease from ~~unnecessary~~ work, and in so far as cleanliness, which the apostle reckons as "next to Godliness", is concerned we may be said to observe the day. But so far as having any Sabbath service on board that is something entirely unknown, and remembering the "Sabbath day to keep it holy". Can sorry to say is not done. It seems to be remembered on ship board as the day to be devoted to washing, shaving, the donning of clean clothes, reading, writing, sleeping, and other kindred employments, and if whales are not raised it may without any doubt be considered a day of rest. It is always a very quiet day with us, and as during the week there is more or less work going on, there is in consequence the attendant noise, and disturbance, so that those of us who keep journals usually take the afternoon of Sunday to write up. It is very much to be regretted that we can not have some religious service on this day. Seamen are not brutes, but in the great majority of instances they must spend their Sabbaths in a manner but little more desirable than do the beasts. True they may read, but they do not always have books, and if they have, the matter contained in them is not in many cases suitable for Sunday perusal. I don't suppose you could drive a sailor to church, any more than you can a soldier, but I believe to day, that if Sabbath services were instituted on board this ship, and the men invited to attend very few would remain away. And I believe too that the influence of such a service would be felt throughout the week. There would be less profanity, and less ill feeling, and when in port less dissipation, and rowdyism. But the number of ships where the Sabbath is kept as God has commanded, is comparatively speaking very few. O, that there were more, many more, for despite the efforts of kind, and interested friends on shore, for the amelioration and benefit of seamen, their labor will be of but little avail, so long as sailors, are deprived of the advantages of a religious training, and the means of a moral growth at sea. At sea, upon his own element, where he is at home, that is the proper place to work upon the sailor. It will be hard indeed to induce him to give up his folly, and get him to attend church and prayer meeting on shore, and to behave himself like a man in other respects, if he is just out of a ship where he has been appreciated only so far as his capacity extended to the performance of the work required of him, where all the natural good in him has been neglected, and so far as he knows his next voyage will be made under like circumstances. Don't you see, he has, he can have no ambition, no incentive to do well. All he thinks of while he has his land tacks aboard, is having what he calls a good time, as long as his money lasts, which is'nt long, poor fellow, and then he is off for another season of unappreciated toil. But let it so happen that he chances to get into a ship where the officers are religious men, where his souls needs are thought of as well as his bodily wants, and the chances are he will

leave that ship by the Grace of God a converted man, and ever after will be a credit to himself and a blessing to others. I wish the time might come, and that right speedily, when the many thousand ships that sail the ocean, might become so many floating chapels consecrated to the service of Him who is "the confidence of all the ends of the earth, and of them that are afar off upon the sea."

Saturday June 4th " 1870
Celebs Sea.

Another year is numbered with the past, and to day we enter upon the third of our voyage. As we pen this our Second Annual Report, we are almost at loss to account for the last twelve months so quickly and quietly has the time slipped by. It seems but a few days since we recorded those dismal forebodings in our entry of this day one year ago. Forebodings some happily to say which have not been realized, and prophecies which have not proved true, all of which goes to evince the perspicuity and veracity of that ancient saying, "you can't most always tell about these things" an axiom which I am satisfied from personal experience in the matter is "true as truth" so far as regards whaling. A whaling voyage is nothing more or less than a lottery, a game of chance, a speculation, and the chances are about one in twenty for a profitable venture. And somebody must draw blanks. Well, thank fortune it was'nt our bad luck to do it last year, and up to the present time we have no reason to complain of our success. During the year we have seen whales Thirty one times, and have succeeded in taking oil on Twenty of those occasions. In June 1869 we captured Ten whales. In July, Seven. In August, two. In October, Four. In November Three. In Janf. 1870, Eight In Feby. Three. In March Four. In April. One. and in June, One making a total of Forty Three, yielding 800 Bbls. So with 1000 Bbls Sperm Oil in our ship hold, we think we commence our third and home stretch under favorable auspices, and with a good prospect of winning, and if we are in any kind of luck at all the 4th of June 1871 will find us with a full ship and homeward bound. Our numbers still remain undiminished; while all the other ships in these waters are short handed, having their crews decimated by sickness, or thinned by desertion our muster roll still continues the same. In this respect we have been fortunate, as we have been able to man four boats in every instance where we have seen whales— It is with sincere gratification that we chronicle the continuance of friendly intercourse and good feeling, such as I believe is rarely to be found under like circumstances. A long sea voyage is a pretty severe test of ones temper. Confined in a space of 110 feet by 30, Watching eagerly for days, and weeks, and even months sometimes, without seeing whales, Seeing the same faces day in, and day out, hearing the same voices, listening to conversation which has become as familiar as is the very sails and rigging of your vessel, necessarily associating more or less with persons widely dissimilar in disposition and temperament, & sometimes wonder how we all managed to get on without clashing.

But with a little forbearance on the part of some, and a little fineess on the part of others this happy condition of good fellowship has been attained, and we fondly hope that it may hold constant until the time when our companionship must be broken, and our daily intercourse shall cease, and the good Barque Sunbeam is moored again at her moorings in New Bedford.

Sunday June 12th 18/0
Lat 3, 22 N. Lon 119, 25 E.

Either we have got out of lucks way or else luck has got out of ours. I dont know which one of us it is that has failed to connect. We have chased whales three different times within the last ten days, and have managed to get one little, insignificant specimen. Such a condition of things is enough to disturb the equanimity of the best natured whaleman. And then the weather is so coquettish, it is almost enough to tempt one with the desire to commit assault and battery upon one's grandfather. First it's fair and then it's foul. Now all smiles, and then all tears, and in this country when it takes a notion to have a good crying spell, there's no half way work about it you may depend. One may have ocular proof of the truth of the old proverb "It never rains but it pours." The water pours down at such a rate sometimes that the old ship seems to come to a stand still, as if deliberating the expediency of taking the advantage of such a superabundance of fluid to make a voyage to the moon or some other celestial locality. The weather does'nt conduct itself here with such steady propriety as it does in New England. There when it wants to rain it goes at it in a sober sensible kind of a manner, and comes down discreetly, and deliberately all day, or two days if it sees fit, and then clears off for good; but here there is no dependence to be placed on it at all. It is liable to weep any time. It delights in sudden squalls sometimes two at the same moment, and from directly opposite points of the compass, and there you are jammed in between two winds like Barnes's brig. Oh it's a delightful country! But I'm sure I shan't cry when I'm well out of it.

Sunday June 19th 18/0
Lat. 3, 14 N. Lon. 120, 15 E.

Who shall say any more that Friday is an unlucky day? At least, we must erase Friday of last week from the black list, or else incline to the belief that Dame Fortune lost her reckoning and made a grand mistake in the bestowment of her favors, for it fell to our luck to capture four whales on this same unlucky Friday. There has been no improvement in the weather, and in consequence very little improvement in our tempers. I fear. — What a comfortable scapegoat the weather makes! No matter how one feels, good or ill, whether you have good luck or bad, lay it all to the weather. The weather makes such a capital subject to write about too; that is when you cant think of any thing better. When one's ideas utterly refuse to assume form or connectedness,

when your pen will not perform the duties belonging to its position, just jump astride the weather and you may dash off down a full page with the greatest ease. But says some one, "I dont see why any person who spends his days on the broad expanse of ocean need be at loss for items of interest". Ah, my friend, just you follow the sea for a profession, and you will find all its poetry lost upon you. That which would awaken a certain train of thought in a stranger, or engender profound emotion in a casual obedrver, is never heeded by us, and very naturally I think; for by constant contact with the ocean we become familiar with all its moods, with its gladsome waves, and its terrible surges, so that our very familiarity if it do not "breed contempt," it at least blinds us to its beauty, and prevents us from reading its sublime, and wonderful lessons." In speaking of this subject, an able writer has said truly, that "Seamen as a rule view their own "element through eyes too exclusively professional. What profession "indeed is alive to either the philosophy or the poetry which is in "it? All of us run so deep down into the groove which tradition and "routine wall in on either hand, that we are unable to peer over "the rim to scan the wider bearings of our work on the great world with- "out, or even stand aside to view our own place in the commonwealth of "men as outsiders view it. There is that about the daily business of the mean- "est which might stir thoughts in the wisest. Some humble callings "covered with nature close at hand, or as it were in her private work- "shops; and others are bruised of warrit heroics; yet, as the soldier does "like a martinet what others sing in sounding verse, so the peasant "or shepherd will stride with heedless whistle over unregarded glories "of the field, and the sailor will hear with listless ears the mystic "music which ocean dashes day and night around him."
So you see there is nt much chance of getting sentiment out of a sailor, as you will readily admit after inspecting a mariners log-book.

Sunday June 26th 1870 } We have soaked through another
Celebs Sea } watery week. I really wish we might have a short season of pleas-
ant weather just for a change, for I declare I've been in such a moist
condition of late that I actually think I am getting quite amphibi-
ous, and if this condition of affairs continues I am sure that I shall
be adopting water as my natural element. On Thursday after-
noon of last week the Schooner "Alcyone" ran down to us. She brought
a severe squall down with her, and after an exchange of boats
crews had been made, it came on to blow and rain after the manner
of a small tempest, and increased in violence so much that Capt.
Baldwin and his party remained on board of our ship all night.
and Mr. Brown and his men stopped on board the Schooner.
Friday morning it let up so that our visitors returned to their own
vessels and sent back our adventures. We are waiting with as much
patience as possible the return of settled weather.

Thursday — June 30th 1870
Off Cape Rivers Island of Celebes. } We have been anxiously awaiting the arrival of the Barque "Kathleen" in this road for several weeks, as we had commissioned her to bring to us from Hong whatever letters might arrive there during her stay in that port. Yesterday afternoon we found her in company with the Barque "Jos Maxwell" entering off Cape Rivers. The contents of our letter bag amounted to five Epistles, three were for me, and two for the Captain. So that on this particular occasion I chanced to be the luckiest man in the ship. One from our dear old home, dearer now at seeing than ever before, One from our Cousin Kate, and an entirely unlooked for, but none the less welcome missive from our old friend and pastor Dr. Beadle. Would it were possible to send along immediate replies, as it is, we must wait until we go to Hong again in the Autumn.

Monday July 4th 1870
Lat. 1° 26 N. Lon. 120° 30 E. } Love of country like that of kindred is a part of our very existence, a portion of our nature. It is a principle that grows with our growth and strengthens with our strength. Differing in degree and in manner of expression the current of this affection flows steadily on from childhood to old age. But, there are certain times and seasons when our love for our native land finds more than a common utterance, certain epochs commemoratives of a nations growth, birth days of her heroes when her children delight to do her especial honor. Such a period is with us to day. The anniversary of the independence of a country; the birth day of a nation, to day is Liberty's jubilee. Ninety four years are numbered with the past since the United States of America severed the chain which bound them to tyranny, and declared themselves a free and independent people. And in view of this grand and glorious event, and of the rapid and unparalleled growth of this great nation, and of her complete and splendid success in demonstrating the power and ability of a people for self government, it is little wonder that the Fourth day of July is looked upon by Americans as the day par excellence of the entire year The light of this day's sun shines upon hundreds of America's children who are far removed from her shores. They are wandering up and down that great highway of nations that ever restless ocean. But among the multitude of her sons who celebrate this day, there cannot be found throughout the length and the breadth of the entire Union love more true, or hearts more loyal than those that are this hour beating in the breast of the American seaman. We make no grand parade of our loyalty, no gorgeous pageant, no pyrotechnic display, no rattle of cannon, or eloquent oration, but as we look out over the blue water with our faces towards the land of our birth, and gaze upon our dear old flag which to day is floating in pride above our distant homes, as well as over our own heads, and the remembrance comes to us that no more slaves blood shall drip from its stripes, and

no more slaves tears shall ever dim thy stars, our hearts go out in joy and gladness to the land that we love, and we thank God that we are privileged to boast that we are American citizens.

The growth and prosperity of the Republic is indeed wonderful. Less than a century has elapsed since her birth, and at this time, "foremost of nations Columbia stands," and from her proud and fairly won pre eminence challenges the world. If the departed were permitted to return to the abodes of men, with what a sensation of surprise and wonder, would the pioneers of civilization on the Western Continent, contemplate this grand superstructure of the Union, beautiful in its colossal symetry, rising steadily from the foundation of civil and religious liberty which they laid in the wilderness two hundred and fifty years ago. While other nations, whose commencement of her career were rich and powerful, have fallen from their proud positions, and are now but second or third rate powers at the best, the course of the Republic has been ever onward, and now America is a power in the earth. Her every name is synonymous with progress. Nor, has she yet reached the acme of attainment. With her undeveloped resources of every kind, if her people are but true to themselves, true to the spirit of liberty in which they have been nurtured, this noble Union of States shall assume yet greater proportions, and attain to as yet undreamed of success. "Independent and steadfast America will keep the post to which Providence has called her, and her manifest destiny shall bring nigh upon no other race or nation, but serves the welfare of mankind and the glory of God."

Sunday July 11th 1875

Off Sowe-Sowe Island. Celebes Sea. } Last week turned out quite an eventful one. We left Cape Rivers on Monday the 4th inst. On Tuesday we fell in with the "Kathleen", and spent the afternoon and evening of that day, as well as of the following Thursday, in visiting. It is the intention to remain in company with her until after we have both paid a visit to Macassar Island, to obtain fresh provisions. On Friday afternoon the "Kathleen" raised whales, we lowered our boats and "fastening" with hers captured three whales. On Saturday morning the same Barque raised whales again. Down went three of our boats and down went three of hers. Our lot came back to the ship along towards night bringing one whale. What there was left of the Kathleen boats reached her about the same time and with the same capture. All of the boats got "stove", one of them past all repair. We furnished them a new boat this morning. To day the Barque "Jos Maxwell" is under our lee sailing with us.

Sunday July 17th 1870.
Lat. 5°45 N. Lon 122°06 E. } In many of my reveries I often find myself reflecting upon that little known and ill appreciated specimen of humanity, with which I may at present be classed, - the sailor. I believe that of late the profession of a mariner has fallen into disrepute. In fact I dont know that "following the sea" was ever considered a very exalted calling, unless one were to commence through the study, but it seems at this time to have lost what little of good report it ever had, and now I very much doubt if in the estimation of the great majority of people, the sailor amounts to as large a fraction of a giant, as in olden times this same majority accorded to that knight of the shears, a tailor. As this reflection is forced upon me along with it comes the question, Why is so low an estimate placed upon our calling? In reality our profession is a noble one, not only in itself but in its surroundings. The stamp of genius and intellect is upon our floating homes. Never in the history of man has naval architecture attained to such perfection as at present. "Great ships not splendid edifices" now show the genius of the age. The 'frozen music' may be in the "old cathedral; the 'petrified religion' in the Gothic church, but the "living anthem of the world is on the surging sea as the strong ribbed "ship rounds its march through the yielding waves." Contemplate for a moment the Element by which we are surrounded, and upon whose heaving bosom we are passing the greater part of our lives. Research and study have made us intimate with ocean, and each "succeeding year is adding to our store of knowledge. "If ever that the "Psalmist could say in his age was, 'The sea is His' and 'He made it'; "but how much more might he inspired poet now utter! The power "of Christianity working through the industrial and commercial "interests of modern life, has recovered the sea to the purposes and "plans of Divine Wisdom. It is no more a waste - a wilderness of waters "- but a portion of the world teeming with moral significancy! 'The "sea is His' to feed the bountiful clouds that water the thirsty "ground, to replenish the rivers that girdle the land with their watery "zones; to equalize the temperature of the different climates as far as "may be consistent with variety and utility, - 'the sea is His' to "moisten the atmosphere and make it food for animal lungs, - "the sea is His' that dense forests and luxuriant vegetation may be "nourished by it, - 'the sea is His' that the firmament may wear the "veil that its vapors wreathe to screen it from the intense light of the "sun; but yet more 'the sea is His', that one section of the globe may "learn to serve another, that man may look across its separating "distance and hail his brother man, and that truth and virtue, "borne over its circling pathways, may, like its waters, embrace our "the earth." With these facts so patent, knowing as we do the superiority of the ships of our time over those of a past age. Rejoicing as we may and do, in information unknown and undreamed

of by our fathers, why is it that our vocation is so little honored in this our day and generation? And why is it that a sailor is looked upon as one of the modern pariahs of society? It seems to me that one of the parties to blame for such a condition of things is the mariner himself, and the other party at fault is that same society which condemns him. And of the sailor let me ask, are we worthy of our calling? As we look upon our stately vessels which are carrying us up and down the great highway of nations, in which we live day after day, and upon whose spars, or sails, or rigging, or hull there may be found evidences of our own handiwork, are we living worthily of our habitation? As we look out upon the waters over which our noble ship is flying, are we learning the grand and solemn lesons from the page that is ever open before us? Do we honor our employment as do the members of other professions? Alas, I fear not. Individuals there are who do, but by far the greater number of those "who go down to the sea in ships," I grieve to say it are no credit to the mariners profession. How ought this to be so? Assuredly it ought not, and the remedy to a great extent is in our own hands if we would but realize it. Let every individual seaman determine to lead a godly and a moral life, determine to improve all the advantages which he has for improvement, and the day is not far distant when men will honor the sailor as they now do the merchant or the lawyer, the physician or the mechanic, and our calling will no longer be derided, but will very quickly assume the degree of worth to which it is of itself entitled. "How says society," I should really like to know where I am fault and why I am arraigned in this matter. Do not establish Bethels, and Seamans Chapels, and Sailors Boarding Houses and Mariners Savings Banks, and do not supply Sailors Chaplains, and furnish Sailors Libraries". Granted my dear Society, and we thank you very much for all your generous favors, But as we have said somewhere else before, the sea is the place to reform the sailor, take him in his own home if you wish to work upon him to any advantage, and with any hope of favorable results. For what you are doing for us on shore, we feel the deepest obligation, but do extend your favors to us at home. Come to us as Christ came "walking upon the water", if you wish to save us, if you wish to elevate us, if you wish to make us men and Christians. And to do this dont be satisfied with simply putting libraries on board our ships. These are excellent so far as they go but they dont go far enough. See to it for us that the officers under which we are to sail are <u>Christian men</u>. See to it that your merchants, and ship owners, and agents at home give their ships in charge to men who are <u>worthy</u> of the trust, as well as capable, and you may be sure that you will see a marked improvement in your seafaring friends. You will no longer undervalue the vocation, but will look upon it as it is, one of the most free and generous, as well as worthy and noble of callings.

I believe that the time is coming when the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of God, when nations now sitting in darkness shall be illumined by the light of the precious gospel of Christ, and when all shall bend the knee to the meek sceptre of Jesus. I believe too that the sailor is to be a grand agent in the providence of God to bring about this glorious end. And who better able to perform this work. But before this "great and notable day of the Lord" shall come, before the sailor can be instrumental in his "Fathers business" he must be reformed himself. What more blessed work can we find to do than to assist the sailor in his efforts to reach the stature of true manhood, and to elevate his profession to such a standard as shall enable him to obey the command of his Savior, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature."

Sunday July 31st 1870
Lat. 4°46' N. Lon. 121°47' E. } Since my last entry we have visited the Island of Serenga, and recruited ship, taking in a hundred bushels of sweet potatoes, a large quantity of bananas, a lot of goats and several dozen of fowls. We were lying off and on at this island four days and while there we were as busy as possible. I did not visit the shore, as the accounts brought off by those who did go were anything but favorable. It is described as being a wild looking place, and the people as wild as their surroundings. It is evidently a locality where one would have no desire to be left alone for any length of time. Our consort, the "Kathleen", has at last bid us good bye. We have been cruising in company for a month and together have taken a hundred Bbls. of oil. We are hanging on yet in the Doldrums hoping to do a good Decemy work, although I must own that the prospect at present is anything but favorable.

Sunday August 7th 1870
Lat. 1°50 N. Lon. 118°53' E. } Nothing of importance to log this week, unless it might be to notice a scrimmage between the Captain and the Cook, the two biggest men in the ship, that is, in their own estimation. The affair came off on Tuesday last. The Captain gave the Cook a sharp reprimand because of some neglect of duty. The Cook feeling himself aggrieved made an insolent and profane reply, whereupon the skipper feeling in a capital humour for a row, or as the Irishman said "blue moulded for want of bating", looked to Mr. Cook and the result was a right lively little skirmish that lasted for about ten minutes. The Captain with the assistance of some of his officers, at length got his man under subjection, crowed him, and gave him a berth in the main hatchway for the night. The next morning upon the young man promising to keep a civil tongue in his head, he was returned to duty. To day Cape Peters in sight, we are bound there in search of last years luck, I hope we may get it, but it looks dubious now for any success in this line at the present season.

Sunday August 14th 1898.

Off Kenia Mountain, Moluccas Passage } Utterly disgusted with the aspect of affairs about Cape Rivers, on Tuesday last we availed ourselves of a westerly breeze to make tracks out of such quiet quarters, and with a free sheet started for Moluccas Passage. We struck into the Passage this morning after a pleasant run of five days, nothing occurring during that time worthy of noted with the exception a severe squall which we encountered on Thursday night, and which necessitated the calling of "all hands" for the second time on the voyage. It was not so bad as the one which we experienced last December in the Sulu Passage, but for all that it "piped" quite loud enough to suit me for the little time it lasted... Fortune has given us an inkling out of late, and we have left the Soolos Sea but little better off than we were when we went into it three months ago. The Captain, it may be because of our non success, has grown very ill tempered, and more mannered of late. Such a condition of things is entirely unaccountable to me. That a man who at home, bears the reputation of being an affable, polite, accommodating, well spoken gentleman, should, after a certain exposure upon the water, completely change his character, and become possessed of qualities the very opposite of those with which he is credited with in private life, is beyond my comprehension. In reverie over the matter my muse perpetrated the following

Lines on Captain Fisher.

The Captain is ugly and glum,
His face has grown skinny and pale,
Oh! what is the matter with Tom?
That he carries such lugubrious tail?

Is he thinking of friends and of home?
Of wife and of family dear?
Lamenting his having to roam,
That makes him so yellow and sere?

Does he worry about his estates?
Or fret over government bonds?
Or have they raised the tax rates?
That has turned him so fearfully wrong?

Is it because we are not in good luck?
And because present chances look slim?
Or do we eat too much duck?
That makes him so terribly thin?

He walks about decks in a huff,
He drones an unmeaning less hymn.
He cannot relish his duff,
And for variety rakes fins.

He's off from his regular feeds,
He won't eat good Chicken Stew,
To please a party so rash,
One is at loss to know what he can do.

In short there is nothing will please,
Do all things as well as you may,
Very best, is but poor, in his eyes,
When he's in such a miserable way.

What the cause of the trouble can be,
I really should like to know.
For a gale is half weathered, you see,
If you know which way the wind blows.

What's the use of being so sour!
Where's the need of such foolish pets!
Very faces wont gain our desire,
Or make us the happier yet.

Then Captain, give over your sulks,
Eat hearty, laugh loud and grow fat,
Dont fret about the results,
The feather is yet for your cap.

Sunday, August 21st 1864.
Off Maregolang S. Moluccu Passage

Head winds and adverse currents are now the order of the day. On Tuesday last having approximated as near to Hena as such obstacles would allow, the Captain lowered a boat and took a white ash breeze, or in other words proceeded to pull into the Post Office. The boat left us at Eight in the morning, and reached shore at One P.M. The men were so exhausted with pulling that it was deemed advisable to remain all night, and in consequence we did not get our letters until next day. (Wednesday.) Again I must consider myself favored by fates (prove propitious) and no accident detain them. I have been suffering for the past week from an ailment very nearly akin to the mumps. Having all the symptoms of that malady with the exception of the swelling. It has been rather of a trying time, as I have had my duties to attend to, and so

have found but little leisure to nurse my aches and pains. I never really appreciated the luxury of a good gape before. When a fellow cannot open his mouth to any greater extent than the width of a lead pencil, gaping is but a success to say the least. And then anything in the way of a sneeze is entirely out of the question, unless you are prepared to part company with the top of your head at very short notice. A ship is a hard place to be unwell in. So long as one is in good health you can get along nicely. But if you are sick the only place where you can find sympathy is in the dictionary. And then too the remedies at hand are limited in number, and obsolete in use. Your medicine chest is filled with medicines in use a hundred years ago, but which modern pharmacy has dispensed with to a very great extent. Calomel and castor oil and such like delectable doses. There is no question about it. An whale ship ought to have a surgeon, and the law should oblige such vessels to carry them. When I get into Congress I shall introduce a "Bill" to that effect.

Sunday August 28th 1898
Off Tobalia Island. Moluccas Passage

On Tuesday the 23rd inst. spoke the Barque Kathleen with 40 Bbls since we parted company off Serangani. As regards our relations to our old friend and consort the Kathleen, we seem to be pretty much in the condition of the individual we read about in the good old mythological times who could'nt get rid of his shirt. Wherever we go she is sure to put in her appearance. She follows us like our very shadow. It has been reported for some time that she was to go to Singapore down that I have my doubts about the matter. It may be that such is the honest intentions of her Captain, but I should'nt be at all surprised if he found that upon trying to execute such a plan, that the old Kathleen had formed such an affection for the Sunbeam that she utterly refused to be separated. Now it's all very pleasant to see a sail, and exchange visits now and then, but this continually sailing in company, and endless visiting is too much of a good thing. We have seen the Kathleen so often that I am fairly sick of the sight of her, and out of conceit with her very name and I do believe if I had a friend of that name, I'd cut her acquaintance. She has started to go to Kema for her letters but I expect before she gets halfway, there she will turn back to see if we still remain where she left us. Saturday 27th spoke the Spanish Barque "Maria" of Malaga, 22 days from Manilla, loaded with Coffee, and Sugar, bound for Cadiz Spain.

Sunday September 4th 1870
Off Maregolang Island. Moluca Passage

I believe that I have, at sundry and varing times in this Journal, intimated that above all the ways and means with which we are provided for passing this sublunary existence, the life of a seaman is the most monotonous. And as I grow older in experience, I feel less inclined to change my views on the subject. And were it not that I make some extra exertion to keep myself employed, I'm not sure as to what might be the consequences of having so much time at my own disposal, which, did I not use it in some manner, would most certainly hang very heavily upon my hands. Recogniging the necessity of employment of some kind, to contribute to the little happiness and pleasure to be had on ship board, I manage in some way to keep busy throughout the day. Books contribute greatly to this desirable end. But then one can not always be reading, even were it possible to obtain and KEEP on hand a fresh supply of literature. So that when reading matter gets scarce, I have recourse to my pen, and it certainly does good service in tiding me over many long stretches of time. But I find that the best weapon for conquering Ennui is to be had in the "time beguiling needle." Under its magic power the hours and moments fly almost with the swiftness of the polished steel as it passes through and through, and in and out of the material under manipulation. Our evenings too, would be long and unprofitable seasons, were it not that much of the time passes pleasantly in singing. We are fortunate in possessing a few really good voices, and although our selection has become somewhat time worn, yet the old ballads sound very nicely, and serve to fill up what otherwise would be many a weary hour. What little instrumental music we have is monopoliged by the Portuguese portion of the ships company, and any one who can handle a pump brake, can speedily become a proficient performer of Portuguese music upon a Portuguese banjo. They labor under the mistaken impression that they are A.1. vocalists, but I had much rather listen to a first class Cat concert, than to hear a Portuguese sailor sing his shrillest song. As Billings says of the crow, "They are not songsters, although they have a good voice to cultivate, but what they do sing they seem to understand perfectly, long practice has made them perfect." They have but one tune and that they sing to all of their songs. They play this solitary tune upon their banjos, and when it is repeated several times in the course of an evening, it becomes highly interesting and entertaining. But it pleases them and so I suppose the rest of us ought to be satisfied. Have commenced house cleaning, or more properly speaking, ship cleaning, preparatory to going into port. Soap, sand, and water have been the order of the day of late, and I'm very glad that Sunday has come so that we may enjoy a short respite. The mail Steamer passed us this morning bound for Ternate. Wish she might have stopped and passed up our letters.

Sunday September 11th 1870
Off Celebes. Moluccas Passage

Much to our surprise the "Kathleen" did succeed in reaching Macas without turning back in quest of us. This we know to be so from the fact that we spoke her on Tuesday evening last. She has seen whales twice, and taken twenty three Bbls. of oil during her fortnights absence. It must be confessed that on this occasion we were very much pleased to sail in with her, as it had been thought best to send our Fourth Officer to Singapore, to be discharged, and to receive medical aid, he having been unwell for a long period. Of late he has been growing rapidly worse, and our only chance for getting him where there was an American Consul, and a good Physician, deemed to be by the way of the "Kathleen", consequently on his account we were very glad to see her. Captain Cottle kindly consented to take the invalid, and we hope that he may recover to return to his home and friends. This is the worst of all countries for a stranger to be sick in. No Consul, no general hospitals, no English speaking physician, and the Dutch Government very adverse to having foreigners remain in their possessions. There is a line of Steamers keeping up a monthly communication with Batavia where there is a representative of the United States, but in almost all instances the Masters of Whale ships are unprovided with funds sufficient to pay the passage money to that place. They generally come provided with trade enough to barter for the necessary refreshment for the voyage, but with no provision made for any serious case of illness, either in the way of a Surgeon, or of money sufficient to pay the expense of removing a sufferer to some place where he might receive Consular and Medical aid. Such a course on the part of Ship Masters, it seems to me, can not be too highly censured. Those who make their voyages in ~~coldest~~ climates, and in comparatively short distances of civilized ports, may not be so culpable. But any man who leaves home, with a crew of Thirty men for a Three years voyage in this part of the world, on the equator, ought to know that it is more than probable, that he will have some severe sickness on board, before his voyage is concluded. The larger part of his ships company have lived all of their previous lives in a ~~milder~~ cooler temperature, and they must necessarily become acclimated, during which time they are liable to fevers and other sickness, and any Master who does not provide himself at the outset with all the means in his power for the prevention and cure of disease, is certainly guilty of a crime. I cannot put any milder construction upon it, and ought to have at least Ten years in the Penitentiary

Sunday September 18th 1870.
Kema. Island of Celebes.

For the fourth time on our voyage we are at anchor in Kema. We have returned to find our many friends and acquaintances in the enjoyment of health and happiness, and gladly welcoming our arrival. The customary offerings of fruit have been made, and already some of the ships company have had more than a sufficiency, as may be inferred from the number who are complaining of stomach and other kindred aches. I found three letters, and a paper awaiting my arrival. One, from her whom I love dearest and best, my mother, and two, from old army comrades. The paper from my Brother. I shall return them compliments in kind before leaving port. Individually we consider ourselves peculiarly lucky as regards our mail matters. Many on board who should have received advices from home, are without any signs of news, and have been so for a long period, consequently there are some correspondingly long faces about. We found our old host Nakhang, and his charming daughter Kema, in full feather, and seemingly very much pleased to see us. We intend remaining here until the arrival of the next mail which occurs on the 25th inst. We trust that those who were so much disappointed because of the non receipt of letters, may be more fortunate when the next batch reaches us.

Sunday October 2nd 1870.
Off Island of Siao. Celebes Sea

Since my last entry we have concluded another of our semi annual vacations, and have once more bidden a regretful farewell to our friends. These half yearly visits to Kema have gotten to be green spots in our voyages, looked forward to with pleasure, and ended with feelings very nearly akin to sorrow. But change is written upon everything; farewells must be spoken, adieus must be uttered, and partings must occur, no matter how hard they may be to be borne, and to no one does this truth come home with any more force than to the sailor. We always have a good time in Kema, and our late visit proved no exception to the rule. Our acquaintances vied with each other to make our stay pleasant and agreeable. Now that we have become familiar with them they cannot seemingly do enough for our entertainment and comfort. Last Sabbath I availed myself of the first opportunity I have had the voyage of attending Church. I am sure that I was very much benefitted. It was interesting, and touching to me to feel that so many thousands of miles away from my own lands, I was privileged to join in worshiping God after the manner in which I was taught in my youth, and although the language of our lips was different, yet our hearts breathed forth a common utterance. The pastor of this people is a native preacher, the Rev. Mr. Hahaunusa. He is an elderly man, and is very dignified and impressive in appearance. He preached from Matthew.

XVI. 26th ". His discourse was delivered in the Malay tongue, with which vernacular I am not sufficiently familiar as to enable me to pass judgment upon his sermon as a pulpit effort. But if the matter equalled the manner, it must have been excellent. Another reason why I inferred it to have been a good one, was from the fact, that although it was of the old fashioned orthodox length, yet the audience paid the strictest attention until the close, conduct which I thought might well be emulated by some of our fashionable Church goers at home. Their Church building is a plain little edifice of some sixty feet square, painted white inside and out, with Eight large, unglazed windows, having green lattices. A stone floor, and common wooden benches, and chairs for sittings. A very simple desk at one end of the room accommodates the preacher, who is dressed in the conventional suit of black, and who conducts the services in a manner precisely similar to that practiced at home in Congregational Churches. What particular denomination of Christians they may be of, I do not know. I have asked several, and have been replied to, that they are protestants. But to whatever branch of the Church Militant they may belong, I could not but think as I sat with them on that beautiful Sabbath morning, that their simple worship, in that plain, unpretending little Chapel, might perhaps be more acceptable to God, than the services of thousands in my own country who were assembled,

"Where, through the long drawn aisle, and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the notes of praise."

I thought two of my own people, seated at the same holy hour in our own Church at home, and although the waves of two mighty oceans rolled between us, yet the same kind Father, God blessed forever, was caring for, and watching over us all, and I heartily thanked Him, that although so widely separated, we were still permitted to hear the same precious Gospel preached. I am sure that I shall not soon forget the little church in Keeus.

On the same Sunday the Mail Steamer arrived, bringing four American letters, all of which were for our ship, and but of the number I was so fortunate as to get one, from Cousin Kate. On the Tuesday morning following the receipt of these letters we left, and daylight Wednesday morning found us off the Island of Siao, in the Indian Sea. Here we fell in with whales and captured four that day. The next day, Thursday, saw them again and secured one; and yesterday raised them yet once more, and chased them half the day but without success. We got a pretty general shake up yesterday morning from a Thunder Shower. The lightning struck our main royal mast and shattered it, followed down the main top mast

and knocked spots out of the main top, continued down the top sail sheets to the deck, where it took a circuit around the combings of the main hatch, making quite a quantity of kindling wood at this stage of its proceedings, and then passed quietly out of the ship by way of a scuppper hole. No material damage done, beyond knocking down several of the watch who were on deck, and badly scaring those that weren't floored. Leaving port, securing seventy Bbls of Oil, and getting struck by lightning, all in the same week is, we think, a pretty fair record.

Sunday October 9th " 1870
Off Serangani Islands. Celebes Sea

And a good ways off that that, and looks as if we might continue to keep the same distance, for all we shall be able to do toward getting any nearer. Of all the unsatisfactory places in the world in which to cruise, commend me to this same Celebean Sea. Just as you determine to make some particular locality, just at that precise moment the current changes, and the little wind there may be, whips around into the same direction that you wish to proceed, and there you are, brought up with a round turn, and what little you do go, you go stern foremost. As we were unable to procure as many yams, and potatoes as we wished while in Kema, it was thought advisable to finish our recruit at Serangani. Consequently we have been drifting along in that direction for the past ten days. Thursday last we sighted it, and to day it bears the same relative position to us as it did when we first raised it. And unless we get a change of wind and tide, we are liable to stop right where we are for a week to come. I would advise any one contemplating a voyage to these parts, to lay in an extra stock of patience, for he will need all that he can command. Have been employed during the past week, throwing away our captures of the week previous, which amounted to Seventy Bbls. Now we want some more bad.

Sunday October 16th " 1870
Celebes Sea.

The only event occurring during the past week, at all worthy of notice, was our visit to the Serangani Islands. We reached there Early on Monday the 10th " and spent the entire day in procuring recruits. We obtained something like a hundred bushels of sweet potatoes, a large quantity of pumpkins, and several other little matters; all of which are very acceptable to sailors. We all of us, at the present time, ought to be in pretty good condition, for since we left Kema, we have just reveled in fresh grub. Grub, that's a sailor word. We could'nt consistently say, provisions. Pork, Mutton, & Poultry. Vegetables of different kinds, to say nothing of pumpkin pies. Pretty high living for mariners. But that's the fashion in Whale-ships. It's either a feast or a famine. Live one day on every thing that's good, and stay the next on salt horse

and hard tack. Since Monday we have been working leisurely into the westrd. Trying to make good weather of calms and head winds, hoping some time during the month to get off the Tawè Tawè Islands, and catch a glimpse, if possible of the ghosts of some of the whales that the "Carver" got there two years ago.

Sunday October 23rd 1870
Celebes Sea

I have heard Critics speak of an author as having "written himself out." And that is about my condition this morning. And I apprehend that any one who undertakes to Journalize in this country under like circumstances, will meet with a similar fate. Utterly at loss for an item, and Equally assured of the necessity of making an Entry of some sort, I have seized my pen, with the hope that some happy idea may separate itself from the many half formed fancies that have taken possession of my brain. But no such inspiration answers to my wish, and I must needs fall back upon that old stand-by, the weather, and do the best I can with so threadbare a subject. When the weather is fair we have but little to say about it, feeling no doubt that such a condition of things ought always to be, and it is only when it is foul that we take much notice of it. Well it has been foul enough during the past week for a certainty, and most of the time one might reasonably suppose we were weathering Cape Horn, or Hatteras, or some other boisterous locality. On Wednesday last we down boats, and chased whales in a rain storm, and that was any thing but pleasant pastime, especially as we were not rewarded for our Effort with any more valuable prize than a wet jacket. We have left the Tawè Tawè grounds in the quiet, and are now bound for Cape Rivers, a locality from which in all probability, we shall soon depart in the same happy and enviable frame of mind.

Sunday October 30th 1870
Molucca Passage

In accordance with my prediction of last week, we took a flying look at Cape Rivers, and seeing nothing that would indicate the presence of games, we hauled our wind for Molucca Passage. The weather in the Sea had become any thing but agreeable. Heavy squalls of wind, and rain accompanied by lightning. And having no great desire of taking another shock, we thought best to be off. We are now bound down the Passage, with a fair wind, and plenty of it. Thinking possibly that we might touch at Kema as we went by, I had prepared letters for home, but I suppose the Captain thought the breeze too good to loose, for we have already passed the town, and so the letters must hold over, awaiting the first favorable opportunity

Sunday November 6th "1870
Off Maregolang Island. Molucca Passage.

From present indications it would seem that our season that commenced so well is likely to end worse. It is now over a month since we have taken any oil, and we are on the last cruise of the voyage. We must do something soon or we shall come out mining. That will certainly be the amount of the business, unless we have a change for the better in the weather. Last week was the most disagreeable period we have experienced. Continual squalls of wind and rain, and as if that in itself were not nuisance and perplexity enough, we must needs get current[illegible] into close proximity to a dangerous locality known as Wolf Rock, and in spite of all our efforts to get away, we were detained by counter currents and baffling winds in our somewhat perilous position, and there we remained nearly the whole week, first on one side, then on the other of the rock, then forward and back, now all hands round, and in fact everywhere but directly on the top of it. However yesterday morning we managed to get clear of our troubles in that quarter, and to day we are on one of our old cruising grounds. Appearances here for any success in our line of business look poorly enough. I dont believe there has a whale spouted here for the last six months, and what's more it dont seem as though there would be one spout for the same length of time to come. There is no signs of any more favorable weather, and I rather suspect we are candidates for another week soaking. I never did favor Hydropathy, and since I've been down here, I've got entirely out of conceit with the system. But if I must be a patient whether or no, I've no hesitancy in declaring my preference to the manner of treatment as practiced at Rondout Creek or some other orthodox Water Cure establishment.

Sunday November 13th "1870.
Off Island of Geby. Gillolo Passage.

Despairing of making any addition to our cargo off Maregolang on Wednesday morning last we pointed the Sunbeams nose towards the South, and commenced our round about passage for Holy. We spent that day in running by the Islands of Oby-Major and Oby-Minor. Oh-be-joyful we have it come to as yet although we have been on the look out for it all the voyage. I suppose that in the event of our getting a full ship it will heave in sight immediately. Thursday with a light breeze we worked into the entrance of Gillolo Passage passing the Islands of Pulo Sarez and Kekik, where we came so near to being shaved out of water nearly a year ago. Friday morning we sighted Geby, and having had light winds, and a strong head current, something that invariably happens when we start for any particular locality, we are hardly up to that Island yet. At this rate of proceeding we shall get to Holy

just in time to start for home. Morty is our last grip, and if we miss making a good reading work there, we are a gone up community. However there is no use in anticipating bad luck. No matter what turns up, success or disappointment, the old rule of optimism remains forever the same, "Whatever is, is right." There has been a decided improvement in the weather since our last entry. We have either run away from bad weather, or else it has rained itself out. At all events the past four days have been delightful ones, for which we are very grateful. We came with the Passage with a large Merchant ship, and have been sailing in company since. It is quite pleasant to have a neighbor now and then. It is a relief to look over the side occasionally, and satisfy yourself by ocular proof that there is another ship in the world besides your own. One loses, when one's eye meets a sail, that lost feeling which a person is sure to experience after having been long at sea. Of what nation our friend is, we are not able to say, as we have not exchanged signals.

Sunday November 20th 1870
Off Island of Morty. Pacific Ocean

Once again we are upon the Morty ground, the scene of our former triumphs and success. But the indications for any repetition of the same good fortune are slim enough. As the period of our sojourn in these parts grows shorter, our faces begin to grow longer as the time passes away without making any further additions to our finances. The blues[illegible] man in the ship is the Captain. His conduct is decidedly unpretty. As if any one was to blame because we don't see whales. Just at present he has gone quite crazy. We eat too much. He affirms with an oath, that he never experienced such a chronic condition of eat as there is on board the "Sunbeam." In short he makes himself perfectly ridiculous. We consider a squib or two, at such periods now and then, perfectly admissable. Here is our latest which we have christened,

The Captains Lament.

I've sailed the seas these many years,
And knocked about a few.
But I never met in all my life,
That such a useless crew.
They know less, and care less,
Than any I ever saw.
They sleep more, they eat more,
Than is allowed by law.

We've been from port but fifty days,
And they've nearly bred a famine.
The way they eat the victles up,
It is truly most alarming.
With hands full, and mouths full,
They keep their jaws in motion.
To sleep less, or to eat less,
They seem to have no notion.

They've ate a ton or more of hog,
With pounds of junk Eight hundred.
And potatoes, yams, and eufalais,
They've Eighty barrels numbered.
But they rave yet, and crave yet,
For something more to scoff.
And sleep still, and eat still,
And would if their heads were off.

Such a gang of greedy rascals,
I'm sure I never met.
And may I ever be preserved,
From such another set.
They tease me, they craze me,
They're really very bad.
With sleeping, and with eating,
They nearly drive me mad.

Sunday November 27th 1848
Off the Island of Morty Pacific Ocean

To day we have to acknowledge our indebtedness to good fortune, to the extent of two small whales, which will probably make up about 25 Bbls. of oil. After so long an interval of non success, even so small a capture seems quite cheerful. Two months is a long time to pass without seeing whales, particularly when a ship is on her last cruising season. We have been making great preparations for a big season work, during the past week, Overhauling, and refitting blocks, tackles, falls, and various other whaling gear, so that if we should happen to fall in with whales, we may be in good condition to take care of them. We trust that the whales have "struck on", and that they will stop on long enough to enable us to increase our cargo to fifteen hundred barrels. We have had some rain during the last week, and strong breezes have generally prevailed, the sea running high most of the time.

Sunday December 11th " 1870.
Off Island of Sterly. Pacific Ocean.

The period of time which has elapsed since my last entry, has been a lonesome fortnight. This day week, we were laying to in a heavy gale that lasted three days, and any thing like writing was entirely out of the question. One could scarcely think, let alone expressing ideas. I had, previous to this season, always supposed that I had seen some pretty bad weather. In fact I thought that during this voyage I had encountered uncomfortable times in the superlative degree, but the experience of the past few days, surpasses all my former observations in that line. It may be that in some other quarter of the universe, it rains as hard and as often, or blows as frequently, and as spitefully as it does here; but I can hardly believe it, and if such is the case, I can only wish that all the foul weather might be confined to that particular locality, and that we might enjoy a respite for a short season. The squalls which we have had of late, have been unusually severe, and night seems to be the time chosen for these blustering performances. We have very decent weather throughout the day, but as soon as the sun sets we begin to make preparations for a benefit, which we are sure to get before morning in the shape of from one, to three squalls of an hour or more's duration. Several times of late we have had to take every rag of sail off the ship, for if we left out even our storm sails, they were certain to be blown into Irish pennants in very short order. It is something out of the common run I think, a ship on the Equator, under bare poles. Talk about blowing! Whew! It blows everything out straight, and if these squalls don't let up we soon, were greatly in danger of being blown bald headed. Such a condition of affairs is very unnerving to those of us on board who stand no watch. Our duties are such, that in the daytime we get no opportunity to sleep, and in the night, between the noise made by the sailors in working ship, and the uproar of the elements, we can't sleep, so that lately we "all nighters" have been hard up for our customary "forty winks". As I lie in my berth listening to the confusion, I often think of how much pleasanter, to say nothing of how much more comfortable, I should be were I in my own bed at home, and to tell the truth on such occasions I most heartily wish myself there. After all this being tempest tossed through life, isn't the most agreeable manner of existence imaginable. Among other disagreeables we have come to "find" on reading matter, having, figuratively speaking, devoured every scrap of literature on board. We are in the midst of a literary famine. Reduced to starving for something to read. I have heard people who have experienced extreme hunger, speak of sitting down to "groaning boards," and of eating and drinking to their hearts content, in their dreams. Even so, in a vision of the night not long since, I came into the possession of an "Atlantic Monthly". I remember that it was an issue of ex-

late date, and its columns filled with intensely interesting papers which I perused with great delight. It was'nt late enough however for me to recollect the titles of the several articles, or any of the subject matter when I woke up. I was reminded of the Irishman, who dreamed that he called upon the Pope. His Reverence asked him what he would take to drink. Whiskey, answers Pat. Will you have it hot or cold? says the Pope. I'll take hot if yez plaze, replies Pat. And while his Reverence was gone to the Kitchen for the hot water, Pat woke up. I am at present reading through that stirring, and exciting section, Blairs Rhetoric. I had retained it for this late reading, in the expectancy of just such a literary dearth as has come upon us, being fully aware of how greatly an entertaining work is prized at such a time. I am so alterlingly interested, that I can not possibly read above two or three chapters at any one time. I find that any more extensive amount is a good deal like Shad and Lettuce, somewhat omniferous in its tendency. Mr Blair has considerable to say about Style. I don't say that I admire his style very much. But I suppose that I ought not to find fault, as it is Hobsons choice with me, read that or nothing. When our consort the "Kathleen" returns from Singapore, I suspect she will bring us an entire Library. She ought to put in her appearance in a few days. I hope she will not disappoint us.

Tuesday December 20th 1870.
Off Island of Maty. Pacific Ocean.

Sunday last signalized itself by the arrival in these waters of the Barque "Orlando," of New Bedford, six months from home, Oleum, under the command of Capt Montrose. By her we receive advices up to the 25th of June of the current year. We are somewhat disappointed to learn of the low price of Sperm Oil. If it does'nt advance by the time the Sunbeam gets home, your humble servant will have to take the benefit of the "Bankrupt Act." The "Orlando" is just out of Kenai and her people state that, it is the report at that place, that the "Kathleen" is to proceed directly home from Singapore. If such proves to be the fact, we shall be somewhat disappointed. sadly put out, as we were depending on her for various little articles which she had promised to procure for us. It is also rumored at Kenai, that the 1st and 2nd Officers of the Bark Java, have been brutally murdered, somewhere in the Straits of Macasser, by some of the Malays who compose her crew. We trust the report will prove unfounded. The "Orlando" obtained at Kenai some Dutch papers, and Bulletins, by which we learn that France, and Prussia have come to blows, and that a war is in progress between these two great Continental Powers. What occasioned the fiasco, we are at loss to determine, as our latest American dates, give no indications of strife, and the Dutch dates give us the details of five battles already fought, but leave us in blissful ignorance of the cause of the quarrel. Kilkenny Pats.

Friday Dec. 23rd 1870.
Off Island of Molly. Pacific Ocean.

Yesterday was signalized by the arrival of our old friend and consort the "Kathleen", six weeks from Singapore with an addition of 300 Bbls. to her cargo, since we parted company, three months ago in the Moluccas Passage. Mr Manchester our late 4th Officer, who took passage in her for Singapore, died sixteen days after leaving us. Poor fellow. He sleeps, "unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown", far away from home, and kindred, beneath the calm, blue waters of the Orient seas. The Kathleen brings us dates to Sept. 9th. From these advices we learn that Prussia had been going in for a rigorous prosecution of the war, having trounced the French repeatedly, and fearfully, although not without severe loses on their part. Taking prisoners the Emperor, together with 80 French Army of 80000 men. The "Nephew of his Uncle" is dethroned, and is once more a private citizen. And so ends another Chapter in the Book of Kings. What a literal rendering of the French proverb, "Man proposes; but God disposes" is this sad finale to the public career of Napoleon the III.

Christmas Day 1870.
Off Island of Molly Pacific Ocean.

The "Blessed Christmas tide," has returned once more, and we exchange our "merry" greetings to day with more than ordinary pleasure, because of the fact that if a kind Providence permit, this is to be our last Christmas on board of the "Sunbeam"; and we are happy in the anticipation of spending the next anniversary of the Nativity with our relatives and friends at home. But as I sit to day, my mind busy in reverie common to this festival season, there now and then comes to me a thought, which throws a veil of sadness over my musings, as ~~memory springs me a reminiscence comes to me~~, that one who in these later years has added so much enjoyment, and pleasure to our returning Christmas days, is no more. Among the many items of news that reached us in the last week, the saddest announcement of all was this, Charles Dickens is dead. Yes the brain that conceived so many pleasant fancies, from which was born those wonderful characters which have become familiar as household words, has ceased from its labors, and the fingers which penned those earnest thrilling stories, are now stiff in death. But a few days since I re-read "No Thoroughfare," the great novelists Christmas Story for 1867. And at the time I remember speculating upon the probable subject of his effort for the present year. Alas! little did I dream that his last line had been written, and that thousands of English reading households would be the poorer to day, for having no Christmas Annual from Dickens. Truly one of Earths greatest has fallen. No one man probably ever held so large a place in the hearts of so great a number of people, And many will to day

turns their thoughts to that flower-strewn grave in Westminster Abbey, where with the noble, and cherished dead of England, lies all that is mortal of Charles Dickens. His work is ended. But he "being dead, yet speaketh." The monumental marble may be piled above him, but his most enduring monument is the fruit of his genius, and labor which he has left behind. Through his writings he will speak to generations yet unborn, and the name and memory of Charles Dickens will be loved, and honored for ages yet to come.

Sunday January 1st 1871.
Off Islands of Morty, Pacific Ocean.

The old year is numbered among the things that were. Its death knell has been rung, and to day the joy-bells are pealing for the birth of 1871. But peal they ever so joyfully, the music of their merry chiming is unheard by us, as we hold on "the even tenor of our way," down here in the Malay Archipeligo. It is a sad fact that there are no holidays for sailors. One day is not regarded above another on ship-board, and we wear away the weary weeks of our treadmill existence, with but little to break the dull monotony of the recurring days, as they bring to us the same round of duty, and of discipline. If the Almanacs were not referred to, one would never know that there was such a day as the "glorious" fourth of July. The day supposed to be observed by our friends at home as Thanksgiving, is never noticed at sea. Christmas, the dearest and best of all festivals, is utterly and entirely ignored. And so far as specially observing New Years, it might just as well be June 1st as January 1st. All that enhances in any degree the little pleasure of to day, is the thought that if prosperous the close of 1871 will find us released from our servitude on board the Barque "Sunbeam." During the past week we have been rolling and tumbling around the Island of Morty in company with the "Kathleen". Have exchanged visits twice during that time. From all appearances, I should infer that we were about to throw up the Morty contract, and proceed to try our luck elsewhere. I suppose the two ships will go into Kind Penn, in company. Matters look rather dubious at present for our making a voyage. Where we were very successful last year, we have taken nothing thus. No signs of there having been any whales, and no indications that there will be any. Consequently we are all somewhat blue. However, what's for us, is for us, and if we have obtained all we are to have, why, we must rest contented with what we've got, and make the best of a bad bargain. I'll venture to say just here, that I won't meddle with any such foolish speculation again as a whaling voyage. But it isn't a good policy to begin the year despairingly, so we will hope that the few remaining months of our voyage may prove a season of prosperity, and wish for ourselves, and all those that we love, A Happy New Year.

Sunday January 8th 1871
Off the Island of Molokai. Pacific Ocean

The first week of the new year brought with it those long expected, and anxiously watched for objects, the whales. And in consequence our trip to Hawaii has been postponed for an indefinite period. But, notwithstanding the fact that the "school" has arrived, and that we have seen them on three different occasions during the past weeks, we are but little better off to day as regards an increase of cargo, than we were at that time. For the whales evidently believing that "it takes two to make a bargain", however much we may desire to catch them, utterly refuse to be caught. There is some slight satisfaction to be had though, in knowing that the whales are on the ground, and if we are not fortunate just at present, it may be that in a short time they will get quiet, and make but little objection to being taken— We have spoken the "Kathleen" twice since our last entry. I dont hesitate to say, and to put my remarks on that point upon record, that, I should be heartily glad when it comes time for her to clear out. I'm sick and tired of the sight of her. I honestly think that if we never had seen her, we should be better off by 300 Bbls. of oil to day. The fact of the matter is, our Captain has become so desperately enamored of the old box, or rather of her commander, that he is wild if he loses sight of her for an hour, and if he should go a week without seeing her, he would be a fit candidate for a straight jacket. Now, the "Kathleen" people are all nice folks for all that I know to the contrary. But there is such a thing as having a surfeit of good things, and I'm sure I'm stuffed full of "Kathleen" as ever I was of roast turkey, and mince pie, on a Thanksgiving Day. And I know I dont want to see her any more. When a man has to sail his ship by another mans compass, it's my opinion that he had better let out the job to some one who is capable of navigating without assistance. I've spoke my piece on that subject, and I feel better. The weather of late has been partly decent, and partly indecent. But good or bad it has been accompanied by a heavy swell which keeps us pitching, and tossing about at a very uncomfortable rate, so that there is no comfort or pleasure in anything. Eating, sleeping, writing are all performed in immediate danger of being rolled out of position, or of coming to grief in some unexpected manner. Oh! this is jolly life! Over the left.

Sunday Jany. 22nd 1871
Island of Ternate. Moluccas.

"Having concluded our unprofitable
labours work on the Moty ground, on Wednesday the 18th inst.
in company with the Bark "Kathleen", we left the delightful
locality, and started for our present port. We reached here
without accident on Friday last at 10 o'clock A.M. The "Kath-
leen got in the night previous, and the weather being thick and
raining she unfortunately got too far in, going ashore, where she
stuck hard and fast until the next morning. After a night
of excessive labor they succeeded in releasing themselves from
their unpleasant position, and luckily found that the ship
had sustained no material injury. We might have arrived
at very nearly the same time as did the "Kathleen", but as the
weather threatened foul, we lay to outside until morning.
Had we gone in with the "Kathleen", we should in all probability
have suffered as much if not more than our consort.
Nothing of importance has occurred in Ternate since our last
visit. Time has but little effect upon these Dutch settlements
The Ternate of to day is in all probability precisely what it was a cen-
tury ago. On this occasion we found Capt. Edwards at home,
and had the pleasure of making his acquaintance. A year has
made no apparent change in his estimable wife, and we
found Mrs. E. as amiable, and jolly as when we first met her
and we were the recipients of a cordial welcome from this
worthy woman. I can but reiterate my sentiment of last
year, Long may she wave. We found that some of our old Fort
Crane friends had been relieved from this Garrison, and were
on duty at other places. Those that remain were glad to see us
and we passed a pleasant hour in their society. While we
are at Ternate we might as well take the opportunity to mention
that there is one institution that is lacking here, and that
is a U.S. Consul. But the want of one is not the fault of the
Ternate people. They would like to see one appointed very
much, and we hope the President will make such an ap-
pointment before long. If he is at loss for a candidate, why,
your humble servant would'nt mind taking the position
for a consideration". Have written letters home from this place.
From here we go to Kema where we expect to find a large mail
awaiting our arrival. Our departure from this place is set for
Tuesday next.

Sunday January 29th 1871.
Off East Coast Island of Celebes.

At 9 o'clock A. M. on Tuesday last we weighed our anchor and bade adieu to Ternate for good and all. Nothing less than an accident will call us there again this voyage! In leaving the place for the last time, we do so with a feeling somewhat akin to regret, for we have formed pleasant attachments there, and it is somewhat sad to think that we have spoken the last words we shall ever utter to our friends, have clasped hands with them for the last time, and have taken a final departure from Ternate and her people, and with no likelihood of ever meeting any of them again on this side of eternity. But so it is, Change is the law of this life. We are here to day and gone tomorrow, and so it will be until the final consummation of all things — We were favored with a fine breeze on the day of our departure, which soon carried us nicely across the Molucca Passages, so that on the morning of the next day, Wednesday, we sighted Kéma mountains. Then as if to tantalize us, the wind suddenly gave out, and here we've been ever since floating around in a calm, drifting slowly away from our destination. Now this is any thing but a pleasant business, and has it had a very soothing Effect upon the dispositions of three of us who are anxious to get certain letters which we are sure are awaiting our advent at Kéma. This remaining in sight of our appointed port for a long series of days, and with utter inability to attain to it, is rather after the fashion of that old mythological chap, that had the said misfortune to be planted in the drink up to his chin, but whose every endeavor to quench his burning thirst was unsuccessful. The delay is provoking to say the least. There are times that try men's souls. These are the times that try men's tempers. We trust that the idea of getting there at some rate will not be abandoned, for we have made up our minds for a letter, and like the little girl who could'nt wait until years of maturity, but wanted "to be a schoolmistress now" so we want our letters after a similar instantaneous manner. Richard, offered his "kingdom for a horse". We would very willingly sign away all of our numerous "castles in Spain" for a fair knot breeze.

Sunday February 5th 1871
Moluccas Passage

As in fulfillment of our desires as expressed in our entry of last week, we took a fine breeze on Sabbath evening, that carried us into Ceram on the afternoon of the day following, (Monday). We found quite a large collection of letters, and four of the number fell to our lot. They were truly welcome messengers, cheering our hearts with the good tidings that health, and happiness were still vouchsafed to our loved ones, and inciting us by messages of love, and words of commendation, and cheer to a steady perseverence in the paths of rectitude and virtue. God bless them all for their tender sympathy and kindly interest. On Tuesday at noon, our chronometer "Kathleen", came in to anchor. She was leaking badly, and all hands were decidedly blue in consequence. Divers, were sent down to examine into her condition, and found her very much worm eaten, and also report finding a sizeable hole taking under of her KEEL. They hope to be able to repair damages to such an extent as will allow them to reach Singapore, from which place they can readily ship home their cargo. We have been the last of the old Barques, that has been to near a neighbor to us for more than a year. We are sorry for the ships company in this the most serious of the many misfortunes that have befallen them during the voyage. Having accomplished the object of our visit to Ceram, viz. the getting of letters, and procuring recruits, on Wednesday evening at 5 o'clock, we slipped our anchor, and started down the Moluccas Passage, in which locality, and the Banda Sea we expect to put in the time for the coming two months. Our anticipations for success during that period are none of the brightest. Ill luck has followed us so long, and so persistently that we hardly dare to hope for any change for the better in our fortunes. In fact I am not sure but whaling is a secondary consideration just now. Home seems to be the "pole star of our present existence", and all of our thoughts are centered upon the end of the voyage. Sam in Euthro's agreement with the new young mate, remarked that there were but two things about a whaling voyage that he liked, and they were, "Chuff for dinner" and "Homeward bound".

Sunday Feb. 12th 1871
Lat. S. 25 L. Lon. 124. 34 E.

Heros the Moluccas Passage, Skirting about the Gattle, and Maregolang Islands for a space of day; down into the Bouro Passage, by the Islands of Bouro, and Sula Besi, and out into the Banda Sea, comprises the summary of the last weeks doings. We are now bound for the Islands about Boeton Passages, where we hope to pass

the time between now and the middle of March, profitably, and to some purpose. Merchantmen are tolerably plenty about these days. Two large Barques passed Sunday up this morning. Shandly ever see one of these iron built clippers, but that which I were on board of them. A voyage in such a ship is far preferable to whaling. Where is the monotony in a Merchant ship that there is attending a voyage in a whaler. By the time you begin to get bored, your voyage is nearly or quite finished in a Merchant vessel, while the same length of time passed in a whale ship comprises but a short portion of the period you are to be absent. Wages may be smaller in the Merchant service, but one is sure of getting what little he ships for, while in a whaler, one is liable even if fortunate, in some way or another to loose the result of three or four years of toil. But what's the use of wasting materials in estimating the differences between the two services. In this case certainly "comparisons are odious". Should I ever again be tempted to try "a life on the ocean wave" I can certain it wont be in a whale ship.

Sunday February 19th 1871
Off Island of Boetun. Banda Sea.

On Tuesday the 14th inst. we made Boetun Passage. This Strait lies between the Islands of Boetun and Waingi-Wangi, and connects the Banda and Flores Seas. Wednesday we had a slight change of programme. Chased a big Sperm whale all day long in a dead calm. And that is all we did do, was to chase him, for in spite of our most determined efforts to effect his capture, the rascal got off scot free. In the matter of large whale we seem to be particularly unfortunate. We have seen several during the voyage, but have succeeded in securing but one. Yesterday we raised whales early in the morning, and it seemed at one time as if we were to be as unlucky as on the previous occasion, and have our trouble for our pains. But fortune favored us a very trifle, and one of the boats made a small capture, the yield from which will just about make good our loses. Some late leakages in cargo. I suppose that we are booked for another month or more in this locality.

Sunday February 26th 1871.
Off Boeton Island. Banda Sea.

It is my firm belief that this particular portion of the world has been abandoned to adverse fate. For in all my wanderings I never before experienced such a contrary condition of things, as is to be found here. Popes rule of optimism seems to be reversed, and, Whatever is, is wrong. In attending to our small capture of the 18th inst. it became necessary to shorten sail, and by the time we had concluded operating and were ready to make it again, we had the extreme felicity of finding ourselves current some hundred miles or more and off from the whaling ground. a position which we have been trying to regain for nearly a week, without success. It's a splendid country no doubt for those that like it. In taking the census of that part of the community, [illegible] to be counted out. If any one is anxious to reduce their stock of patience, or have it completely tired out of them, let them come for two years in the waters of the Malay Archipelago, and my word for it they'll not be disappointed. If there is any lady or gentleman who has a desire to find out in what part of the world the sun is the hottest, and who wishes to be roasted in the most approved fashion, let them take a trip to the Seas in the Dutch East Indies without delay. Should you wish to make the acquaintance of the biggest living cockroaches, be driven to the verge of insanity by the singing of the most accomplished musquitoes, be stung by the liveliest kind of centipedes, make a whaling voyage in this section of the world. In short if you want to be utterly and intensely miserable and unhappy; why, go a whaling anywhere. But enough in this strain or I shall earn the reputation of being a confirmed grumbler. Let us get out of the old "Sundeund," and away from this uninviting locality for a moment, and turn our thoughts to a pleasanter theme. Wednesday the 22nd, sacred to Americans as the birth day of the great, the good, the immortal Washington, passed very quietly with us. It seems to me that as a people we do not cherish the occasion as we ought. We should make very much more of it than we are in the habit of doing. Among the few really great men of America Washington stands pre-eminent. As we contemplate the history of his time, and recall to our minds his connection with it, and how much we as a nation are indebted to him, our feelings of love for his name and memory, our admiration of his genius, our appreciation of his splendid achievements, for our common country, should surely find a fitting, and a joyful Expression upon each anniversary of his birth.

"O'er new found West! upon thy banner unites
Mid clustering stars the name of Washington:
Whom earth accounts her greatest, and high heaven
Confirms the choice."

Sunday March 5th 1871
Off Boston Island. Banda Sea.

We commenced the past week in good style, and if we could have followed up the busines in a like manner, we might to day have recorded a succesful weeks work. Bright and early on Monday the 27th inst. our 1st Officer loudened for whales. We down boats and struck into the school about 9 o'clock A.M. thereby breaking up the session for that day. We were fortunate in securing two small representatives of the distinguished party, which turned out some thirty-five Bbls. "finkly". Match has thus far sustained his reputation for being a bluestering, boisterous, blowing old fellow. He certainly has been roaring very like lion fashion since he put in his appearance. Hope his going out may be a trifle more lamb-like. Strong breezes and rugged seas have prevailed since the 1st ult.mo. We look for it to moderate by to morrow, when the moon fulls. After which time, if we see no whales, shall take our exit from Boston Passages.

Sunday March 12th 1871
Off Lukanantula. Pitts Passage.

Relinquishing all hopes of any farther success about Boston Passage, on Tuesday the 7th inst. we abandoned that cruising ground, and took the back track for Molucca Passage. Thursday the 9th found us off the south shore of Bouro in a very dead calms. Which interval of tranquility we improved in replacing our old main t'gallant and royal mast with a new one. The change was rendered necessary by the damage which the old stick sustained in being somewhat shattered by the electric fluid which struck the ship in September of last year. Last evening (Saturday) the Captain sold at public auction the effects of our late 4th Officer. The bidding was quite spirited. The nett proceeds of the sale showing $ Cts. 42 ; a larger amount than would have been realized had the articles been disposed of at home. And so Ends the record for the last week.

Sunday March 19th 1871
Off Cape Sleeko. Molucca Passage

Nothing of much importance to say, and so I'll take the little space remaining on this page to say it. The first part of last week we spent on the Eastern side of the Passage straining our eyes to no effect. Thursday we started for Amboina. Made the East coast of Celebes yesterday (Saturday) morning. At noon yesterday raised a school of whales. Lowered the boats and went in pursuit of them. Had the good fortune to secure two, thereby making a small addition to our cargo.

Sunday March 26th 18[illegible]
Off Point Bojak. East Coast of Celebes.

March is marching on to a completion with steady strides, and ere long April, the month of showers will be with us. As for the matter of moisture however, there is no one month in the year in these latitudes, that is entitled to claim precedence over another. Some one, the other day, applying the principle of the old saying that "there is no great loss without some small gain." remarked, "well, if does rain a greater part of the time, when it is pleasant we have no dew nights." "Good reason why" growls Toby. "It rains so much there's nothing left to make dew of."

We began the past week in fine style, but our good luck didn't stop with us. On Monday the 20th we secured a small whale, which in addition to our captures of the previous Saturday made us quite a respectable lare.

But the event of the week occurred on Thursday evening the 23rd About 4 P.M. raised a prow, which from appearances we supposed to be abandoned. Lowered a boat and proceeded to investigate matters. Found our supposition correct. She had probably parted her painter and drifted from her moorings, and was now bound on a voyage of discovery on her own account, and for the benefit of whom it might concern. This happened to be us and we towed the craft alongside and wrecked her, obtaining an abundance of firewood. After completely dismantling her, we hauled the hull inboard, and intend taking her to Kema, where we hope to make an advantageous disposal of our find. To day Kema mountain is in sight and we are trying all we know how to get there, but as usual in the event of our wishing to make a port, we are met by all sorts of obstacles. To days detention being a dead calm.

Sunday April 2nd 18[illegible]
Kema Island of Celebes.

The "Sunbeam" lies at anchor in Kema roadsted for positively the last time; arriving at Six P.M. on Tuesday last. Found here the Dutch War Steamer "Amiete." We return to find everything wearing a familiar aspect, and one experiences a sensation somewhat akin to a home feeling in coming back to a place visited so often before. Our numerous friends seem to be flourishing nicely, and have been promptly on hand since our arrival with offerings of fruit for our disposal. We find but few letters awaiting us. We individually are the fortunate possessor of one, which brings us just three months later news from home. Good tidings from those we cherish, and welcome these messengers are. A rumor reached Kema on Thursday last of the entire destruction of Island of Sagalandas, in the Celebian Sea, by an earthquake and volcanic action. The "Amiete," immediately upon receipt of this information, sailed for the scene of the disaster, for the purpose of investigating the affair, and rendering all possible assistance. We have been employed since our arrival in painting ship, getting off wood, provisions, and various other

supplies for the homeward bound voyage. Can hardly realize that our final exit from Kenn is so nearly at hand.

Sunday April 9th 1871
Moluccas Passage

The first part of last week we passed in port busy as bees getting the "Sunbeam" in trim for sea. On Monday the 3rd inst. the Man of War "Amiete" returned to her anchorage at Kenn, bringing full accounts of the fearful disaster at Tagolanda. The first intimation which the inhabitants had of the terrible visitation, was an Earthquake, followed immediately by a roaring discharge of hot water from the apex of the mountain. Fire, and burning lava soon followed, and as per time of the Island sinking with the sea some twenty five fathoms, rendered the destruction complete. There were something like five hundred inhabitants on the island, at the time of the accident all of which perished. It all occurred so suddenly that none of them had an opportunity of escaping. That portion of the mountain which remained above water was still smoking when the Steamer left, but the violence of the action was over for the time being. On Wednesday Evening the 5th visited the "Amiete" and passed a pleasant hour in looking over the ship. She is quite old style in all her appointments, but very neat, and trim, and in every way good to look at.

5 o'clock P.M. on Thursday the 6th inst. brought the hour when the "Sunbeam" bade a last good bye to Kenn. In taking our final departure from a locality where we have spent many a pleasant hour during a two years sojourn in the East Indian waters, I for one must admit that I leave Kenn, probably for the last time, with great regret. Of course I am overjoyed with the prospect of shortly reaching my own dearly loved home in America, but at the same time I feel that I should be wanting in gratitude and kindly affection, did I not sorrow in leaving genuine and true hearted friends in this far away island of the Orient. I have formed many pleasant attachments, and have been treated with munificent courtesy and attention by every one, on each occasion of my visiting Kenn, and I am certain that every thought which I may have in future in connection with either the place or its people will be a pleasant one, and I feel equally sure that it, or they will never be forgotten.

Sunday April 16th 1871
Off Lisamatula I. Moluccas Passage

There is a rumor on board that the "Sunbeam" is "homeward bound," but the indications of any such happy event, are anything but obvious up to the present writing. Ten days from port and hardly three hundred miles made yet. At such a rapid rate of locomotion a quarter of century will be gone ere we greet the shores of

"sweet America". The only event worthy of notice occurring during the past week, was the speaking of the Ship "Sapphire" of Boston, Capt Seidars, from Cardiff. 129 days bound to Hong Kong, loaded with coals. Capt. Seidars states that freights are very dull at present and gives it as his opinion that American commerce will never regain its ante-war status until our Yankee ship owners construct iron ships. It seems that our "wooden walls" cannot successfully compete with the iron vessels of other countries. Iron ships can get charters, when wooden crafts go a begging for a freight.

Sunday April 30th " 1871.
Off Timor Island. Outward Passage

Twenty five days from Kenn and still in the land of calms, and foul weather, and adverse currents, and head winds, and no winds at all; with a very likely prospect of another weeks detention in the same interesting locality. But it is all on par with the rest of the Sunbeams luck. Any other ship would have been very near Mauritius by this time. What's the use, I'd like to know, of being a "Clipper" if you cant go when you want to? The veriest old tub that ever floated is quite as good to drift about in a calm in. But we seem to be doomed to make long passages, and if by chance we should happen to make a good run between this and the States it will be the exception and not the rule. As the Captain says, "three detentions are enough to give a man the St Vitus dance." At all events they are a severe trial of one's patience, especially on a "homeward bound voyage". But grumbling wont mend the matter, so we will try and take things as comfortably as we can, persuading ourselves if possible, that however uncomfortable our present circumstances, they may perhaps be "all for the best". I dont think that any one who has had any experience of sea life in this part of the world will doubt me when I say that I am pleased with the idea of leaving the country, or wonder that I chafe somewhat at any delay. Life on board a whale ship is a miserable existence at best, but the discomforts attending it in these waters are more than doubled, and no one can be expected or feels highly delighted when the yards are squared for home. I trust that before the close of the current week we may be well on our way towards that longed for locality.

Sunday May 7th " 1871
Indian Ocean. No Observation

At last we are fairly out of the wilderness, and are bowling along right merrily with a free sheet for Mauritius. It has been a long and tedious passage thus far, but from all present indications we have taken the "trades" and need apprehend no further scarcity of wind. Since leaving port we have taken 130 Bbls of Oil, which compensates us

in part for the detentions which we have experienced.
To show the dissimilarity in the runs of different ships making the same passages. The Bark "Rose Pool", of which our Captain was Master on her last voyage, left Kenia on the 10th of April and reached Mauritius on the 6th of May, a run of twenty six days. We, i.e. the "Sunbeam" left Kenia on the 6th of April, and after a months run have accomplished but a fourths part of the passage. Another instance of the perfect propriety of the aphorism that "Comparisons are odious."
I think that the English language must be vastly superior to any other for the purpose of abuse. To illustrate. The last time we were at Ternate, two Malay boys who were on board the ship got into some little difficulty among themselves. The "onpleasantness" commenced in their native vernacular, but as it increased in intensity, they seemed to have exhausted all the vituperation to be found in their own vocabulary, and as they were in no ways inclined to stop they opened on each other in the English tongue, and they certainly showed a complete and perfect acknowledge of billingsgate and slang, as though they had served a full apprenticeship under the most accomplished roughs of modern times. What a sad thought it is, that these boys learned all this from sailors, and worse still from American sailors. How can we expect reformations and conversions to God among the heathen, when those who ought to carry them the glad tidings of the gospel of Christ, teach them instead the principles of the devil. O that the Spirit of all Grace may convert the sailor, then may we hope for the improvement of those in heathen lands with whom they come in contact.

Sunday May 14th 1871
Lat. 13° 55' S. Lon. 97° 52' E.

It is a fact greatly to be regretted, but true nevertheless, that the Sunbeam can not sail. We have all along been in hopes that under favorable circumstances, and by crowding sail we might get two hundred miles a day out of her. But it's of no use, however creditable may have been her previous performances in the sailing line, it is very evident that there is no speed in her at present. The run for the last week figures up 1135 miles. The best days work amounting to 176. Average speed a fraction less than seven knots an hour. And that is very poor sailing for a clipper ship in the trade winds. However it is decidedly a satisfaction to have a strong breeze even if we do not go quites so fast as we could wish. Our musical friends, the muquitoes, not being of our way of thinking on that subject have stepped out much to our comfort and happiness. The Cockroaches seem to be a shade less lively too in this rugged weather, but for all that one audacious and enterprising member of the brotherhood feasted sumptuously off our great toe the other night, and another of the fraternity had a regular pic-nic

in a choice piece of pie that we had put by for lunch. But these are only occasional occurences, we must credit them with being a good deal better behaved than formerly. In the Doldrums Seas, lumbering where it is moderate weather the greater part of the time, these pretty pets have everything their own way. Some nights they would take entire possession, driving a shaft out of his berth and forcing him to seek comfort and quiet on deck. Roaches are a great pest, but ships making a long stop in the tropics, are sure to have them on board, and are unable to get clear of them during the voyage. Rather think East Cape will make our quota this month.

Sunday May 28th 1871
Lat. 20° 14 S. Lon. 64° 46 E.

If one were not fully assured of the utter impossibility of figures to lie, it might with good reason be imagined that the "Sunbeam" had found her way back to the Molucca Passage or the Java Sea. From the nature of our surroundings it would scarcely be supposed that we were near the geographical center of the Indian Ocean. But if there is any dependence to be placed in Latitudes and Longitudes we are in the immediate neighborhood of the middle ground, and just where we should have strong South East trade winds; instead of which we are in a slick calm, and have been for three days, with the wind from no direction in particular. A condition of things highly interesting and delightful, especially where our diet is limited to salt horse and flour, and short commons at that. Fifty two days from port this blessed day! and as far as any indications to the contrary are concerned, we are liable to be fifty two more before we see another one. Such a series of calms, and the like shifts of winds, are beyond the memory, and surpass the experience of the oldest inhabitant. What such circumstances would seem to indicate the most weather wise old salt on board is at loss to determine. It may be that we shall have light winds and a pleasant passage into the Atlantic, but the probability is that having so much light weather now, by the time we get of the Cape of Good Hope, we shall have it heavy enough, and with more wind than we wish. However we can tell better about it when we get there.

Sunday June 4th 1871
Port Louis. Island of Mauritius

Triumphant at last over the many obstacles, and detentions which have beset and hindered us since our departure from the Moluccas, we felt as the "Sunbeam" came gallantly to her anchorage in the harbor of Port Louis, on Wednesday evening last, that to a certain extent we were, "Over all the ills of life victorious"! For had we not made the first station on our homeward bound journey. Eternal, thanks to the dear ones at home, we found awaiting us a goodly supply of letters, posting us upon home affairs, and gladdening our heart with their messages of "Cheer up!" To day is the third anniversary of the departure of the "Sunbeam" from New Bedford, and in consequence

a few statistics are in order in our entry of to day. In our annual report
year we thought the prospect favorable for filling our ships, and ex
pected to be on our way home by this time. Alas for us! the ship
lacks a number of barrels of being full, and the only consolation
we have for our non success in the whaling line, is that one part
of our prediction is being verified, and we are progressing as fast
as possible toward our "desired haven". During the week just pass-
ed we have seen whales twenty six times, and upon seventeen of
those occasions have been fortunate enough to make captures. The
number taken amounting to thirty four: yielding four hundred and
thirty five barrels of oil, swelling the grand total to fourteen hundred
and thirty five Bbls. An amount which would be considered a
good voyage if prices ruled as high as formerly. So much for the figures.
As to our social status; perhaps the least said the better. Some of us
have been over burdened with the small amount of happiness that
has fallen to our share. It would be idle to waste time and material
over the whys and wherefores of our unhappiness. The brightest ray of
sunshine that comes to us at present is the pleasant anticipation of
shortly reaching home and friends. Our ship lies at anchor in what
is known as the outer harbor, a distance of some three miles from the
city of Port Louis. Consequently we are unable to see much of what
is transpiring. There is enough going on however to indicate our re-
turn to civilization, and and occasional sight of a railway train, as
it rushes along near the beach, is truly quite refreshing. I have not
yet had an opportunity of visiting the shore, but expect to take a short
run down, and shall record my impressions at my next writing up.

Sunday June 11th 187.
Lat. 22.. 18 S. Lon 50.. 45 E

Our stay at Mauritius was short, and
in consequence we had but little time to devote to the "doing" of the place.
With so limited an amount of time at ones disposal it is of course
impossible to do justice to the merits of a strange locality. Either in the
way of viewing the "lions", or in describing what one has seen. For see
so much that is new and novel, and view it all in such a hurry
and whirl that when you come to reflect upon the days sight seeing
and try to pick out an item of interest from the medley in your remem-
brance, you find yourself decidedly mixed about everything. As
everyone might be found about where Mauritius or the Isle of France is,
I wont spend time to describe its situation or surroundings. It was
formerly a colony of France, but by fortune of war passed into the posses-
sion of the English early in the present century. The original proprie
torship therefore accounts for the French designation of towns, localities
&c. upon the island. In fact the French language prevails, and
all the native inhabitants are French creoles. The island is very
populous. Large numbers of foreigners reside there; mostly Lascars,
Malabars, and natives of India. I suppose however that there is no nation
under the sun but what has its representative upon the island.

Port Louis, the capital, is a large and pleasant city, and affords many objects of attraction and interest, but having but a few hours that I might call my own, I regret to say that I was unable to look about me very extensively. Sugar is king in Mauritius, the raising and exportation of which is the business of the island. Among the natural curiosities of the place is the celebrated Peter Botte's mountain that we used to read about in our Geography years ago. Little did we expect at that time that we should ever be favored with a nearer sight at it. It is really a wild and romantic looking crag, or more properly speaking a series of crags, and peaks, and pinnacles piled fantastically above another in "confusion worse confounded". We did not make the ascent, and to tell the truth had no desire to make the attempt even. We were satisfied with a good look at it from a commanding point, and were willing to believe that in this instance, if in no other, "'tis distance lends enchantment to the view." Of course it would be an absurdity to suppose that there exists any one who has arrived at years of discretion, who has not read, or is at least somewhat familiar with the beautiful story of the loves of Paul and Virginia. The island of Mauritius is the scene of the "strange eventful history", and there the actors lie buried. It would no doubt be equally absurd to suppose that any one who ever was, or who ever expects to be a victim of the "tender passion", and who is at all acquainted with the incidents of the narrative, should visit the island without making a pilgrimage to the tomb of these devoted lovers. We well suppose that a pious mussulman would visit Mecca and fail to pay his devotions at the Mausoleum of Mahomet. Entertaining such sentiments (although we wish it distinctly understood that our own individual heart was knocked all to flinders long ago by a certain fair one who shall be nameless,) we took a ticket by rail for Pamplamousses, a pretty village some ten miles from Port Louis, where the tomb is situated. We found it a plain simple monument inscribed with the names and virtues of the affectionate pair, but sadly defaced by those who have broken pieces from it as souvenirs of their visit. We spent the few moments at our command very pleasantly at the site of the last resting place of Paul and Virginia, and then hurried back to town, and shortly after hurried on board ship. And sure that my recollecting of Mauritius will always be pleasant ones, and the only regret connected therewith will arise from the fact of my time being so much limited that I was unable to see all that there was to be seen, or to do justice in my description of what little came under my observation.

Sunday June 18th 1871
Lat. 29°-29° S. Lon. 35°-55° E.

We had a very pleasant and quiet a profitable run last week, and to day we are well on our way towards the Cape of Good Hope. For myself I have been so exceedingly busy since leaving Mauritius that I have paid but little attention to what has been going on. I have often heard the "womankind" at home

beware their sorrows and trials in changing help, or in loosing the services of some tried and trusty servants. Imagine if possible the sad predicament of a ships steward when the cook leaves unexpectedly and it is an utter impossibility to supply his place. That is the interesting condition of affairs as regards myself and the performances of a forecast hand in the culinary department, are anything but gratifying or satisfactory. Necessarily then, I am obliged to superintend the cooking arrangements personally, and additional labor that adds no leisure time to my allowance. Every thinking to day of the number of offices I manage to fill on board the "Sunbeam"; to wit, Steward, chef de cuisine, Capt's Secretary, Surgeon, Assistant Navigator, and between times Tailor. There's a list of trades for you! If the voyage wasn't so nearly concluded I'd organize a "Trades Union" all alone by myself, and "strike" either for more pay, or less work. I would'nt mind it a fig if what I done was appreciated. But the idea here is, the more you do the more you may do, and the less thanks you get for it. I am certainly very, very glad the cruise is so nearly ended. I'm not beat out entirely at its close, I'm sure it wont be for lack of labor.

Sunday July 2nd 1871
Lat. 28° 27' S. Lon 7° 09' E.

Journalistically speaking we have been sadly neglectful of late; but must plead in extenuation of our short comings in this respect want of time. Never before in the entire course of our sea experience were we so driven with business as now, or ever had so little time at our disposal. Work, work, work! from early till late, so that when night comes we are ready to turn in and devote our whole attention to sleeping. There is this much to say in favor of such a condition of affairs, one has no chance to feel at all ennuied, and the days and weeks fly rapidly; all of which is very pleasant when one is making homeward bound after a long absence. Nothing of importance has occurred since the date of our last bulletin. We were nearly a week off the southern coast of Africa, and had extraordinary good weather, a matter worthy of remark from the fact that the season was the very depth of winter, a season when it is usually very stormy and unpleasant. We passed the Cape of Good Hope on Wednesday the 27th of June at 2. P. M. thus making a very fair run from Mauritius of twenty days. Since then we have been favored with fair winds, and fine weather, although somewhat cold. It seems pleasant enough to get into the Atlantic once more, and one feels now as if we were bound home for a certainty. It is just possible that the "Sunbeam" appreciates her advent into strange waters, for she has done her prettiest sailing since our departure from the Moluccas during the past four days. We log for one days run 315 miles. Our next stopping place is St. Helena, and if we hold our

present breeze, another week will place us in close proximity to the "long barren isle."

Sunday July 9th 1871.
Lat. 17° 23 S. Lon 5° 06 W.

With but little of interest, and nothing of importance to mention I begin my weekly record. One week's experience at sea resembles so closely that of preceeding ones, that a stereotyped set of expressions would readily answer for each entry, with now and then an alteration for a shift of wind, or to denote a change of locality. For the first time in over two years and a half we log the "Sunbeam" in West Longitude. It is a pleasant change after having written "Degrees" and "Minutes" East, for so long a time. We was predicted last week we are to day within less than twenty four hours sail of St. Helena. I learn that it is not the intention to anchor there, merely to touch for letters. So I shall have to forego the pleasure of a visit to the shore, and remain satisfied with former impressions of the place. It ought to hold a prominent position in my memory, as on my last voyage I was there on four different occasions, and had ample opportunity to explore the Island, and to become acquainted with its few celebrities.
On Tuesday last, July 4th, at 4 P.M. Lat. 25° 00' Lon. 2° 40' E spoke the Ship Bertha of, and for Falmouth, England. 88 days from Akyab. Bay of Bengal.

Tuesday July 16th 1871.
Lat. 7° 44 S. Lon 15° 42 W.

On Monday the 10th inst. at 11 o'clock A.M. made the port of Jamestown, Island of St. Helena, after a run of thirty two days from Mauritius. Sent a boat in for letters and to obtain a supply of fresh provision. I was again kindly remembered by the loved ones at home, and found two letters awaiting my arrival. And so ends my correspondence for this voyage. At 4 P.M. made sail and stood on our course for America. It seems like a long road to travel. 5000 miles But each succeeding day is lessening the distance, and with favoring breezes we shall soon reach our destination. We have begun in right down good earnest to put the ship in apple pie order for her appearance in New Bedford. She has had very little care during the voyage, and in consequence there are numberless holes to patch, a good many cracks to fill up, and numerous bad places to cover. But as "Charity covereth a multitude of sins", so putty and paint judiciously exhibited cover any amount of negligence, by hiding the unsightly looking spots from view. I notice too that certain parties are trying to patch up sundry reputs, and to cover the deep holes, and to fill up the wide cracks that they have allowed to wear and seam into their characters during the voyage. Soft speeches, and kindly expressions, and decent treatment may put them in a presentable condition to appear before a respectable public at home; but as those of us who are familiar with the ship, might, with little labor expose the many imperfections that have been so carefully and so nicely glazed and varnished over, so it would require but little wit to probe through the putty and paint of his poems with which these people are shining

to hide the ugliness and unsightliness of their miserable tempers and unhappy disposition. But let them pass. If while they deceive others they also deceive themselves, so much the worse for them at the final inspection. We are having beautiful weather with light and pleasant trade winds. At daylight saw the Islands of Mecheim bearing East by South. Distant 40 Miles.

Sunday July 23rd 1871.
Lat. " 48 N. Lon 29" 45 W.

So little worthy of remark has transpired the past week that it seems hardly worth while to commence an entry. The ship is rolling at such a rate too that it is nearly next to impossible to write a legible sentence. It is pleasant to be able to note the fact of our having met with no detentions up to the present stage of the passage, and should it be our good fortune to meet with a continuance of favorable circumstances, we shall certainly have a short and pleasant run to the States. Yesterday we crossed the 32nd in Lon. 28"-0' W. after a run of One Hundred and seven days from Kend. Sixty four days from Mauritius. Twenty four days from the Cape of Good Hope, and Twelve days from St. Helena to the Equator. We have made good time from Mauritius. Much better than we anticipated, judging as we did from the previous unsatisfactory performances of the "Sunbeam". It looks now as though we might reach home a full month earlier than we expected. Should such prove to be the case we shall try to meet the disappointment with firmness, and to restrain our tears at the thought of being obliged to take our final departure from the "Sunbeam" by thirty days sooner than we had hoped to be able to do.

Sunday July 30th 1871.
Lat 10, 25 N. Lon. W.

Not much to boast of in the way of progress the past week. The South East trade winds bade us good bye in Latitude 6°, 30 N. Since which time we have been dependent upon variable breezes for what little going ahead we have done. It might possibly be supposed that after one had survived a three years voyage, and additional two or three weeks would scarcely be noticed. But it seems to me that I never knew the weeks to pass so slowly. We have counted the days between us and home, and when the hour strike which we can drop one from the number, it seems as though we ought to subtract two at least. With impatient Juliet we exclaim,

"So tedious is the time
As is the night before some festival,
To an impatient child, that hath new robes,
And may not wear them."

Sunday August 6th 1871.
Lat. 18° 02' N. Lon. 46° 06' W.

We have to log to day another week of small accomplishments in the way of progress. We were in the "doldrums" until Thursday, when we took the N.E. trades; since which time we have been gaining steadily towards home at the rate of 150 miles per day. So that the prospect brightens for seeing New Bedford some time within the present month. Ship continues hankering after a sight of my "ain countree" as expressed upon every page of this Journal for the last six months, may read like an old story to any one who is ever unfortunate enough to peruse this intensely interesting record. The gist of any remarks I might be tempted to make in reply to such a suggestion might be comprehended in few words, viz. Just you try a similar experience and see if your Journal wont bear a like testimony. It seems now as if no inducement could persuade me ever again to exile myself from home, and friends, and every thing that makes life desirable. ~~Again~~ Ship. I may always continue in the same mind.

Thursday August 24th " 1871.
Lat. 33° 42' Lon. 69° 57'

I have been sadly neglectful of my Log Book of late, hoping that as the accustomed period of entry came around I should be enabled to make my valedictory remarks, and so I have put off making a record for three long weeks, and to save my credit as a Journalist and fairly driven to writing up at last. For like the Ghost in "Hamlet" we seem to be "doomed for a certain term", not exactly "to walk the night," but to roll, and pitch, and tumble around in light airs and flick calms for an indefinite period and with no very promising prospect of a fair wind. Our passage from Hamilton to the Line was a very creditable one, and we thought that in all probability we should be favored throughout the entire run, but our calculations have been sadly upset, and here we are just in the Southern edge of the Gulf Stream, thirty three days from the Line, only three hundred and sixty miles from home, and in just as calm a calm as ever was fabricated. Could any thing be more decidedly flat and uninteresting? It is certainly very tedious. Ship being within two days sail of the promised land, and with no signs of getting out of the wilderness. However it certainly cant last always and if Providence dont fail us, we shall without doubt get through with it at some rate, though not without considerable wear and tear to patience and temper & gear.

Monday Aug 28th 1871
Off New Bedford Mass.

As the longest night must end in morning, so the most extended voyage must at some time terminate. We have reached that period in the voyage of the "Sunbeam". And as I pen my concluding entry, and write finis on the last page of the journal, I bid good bye to my faithful old Log, with a feeling similar to that experienced when parting with a loved and intimate companion. For it has been in some sort a confidant, and upon its pages may be found reflected the many moods and dispositions which have been present with me during our long and familiar intercourse. I cannot take a final leave of it without inscribing on this my parting record, my gratitude to Almighty God who has watched over me, and kept me through the countless vicissitudes and dangers of a long and perilous voyage. As I enter upon new scenes, and encounter fresh experiences, may the same merciful, and loving Father sustain and uphold me as I continue the voyage of life, and bring it, through riches of grace in Christ Jesus, to a happy and successful issue. But the time and occasion warn me that the last lines must be written, and that our parting is near. The Pilot has been in charge for some time. — Already we have left far behind the islands down the Bay. Bidden good bye to Round Hill. Have passed Palmers Island. And now the anchor is down, the sails are furled, the voyage of the "Sunbeam" is ended.

"As a long parted mother with her child
Plays fondly with her tears, and smiles, in meeting;
So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth."